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WHETHER OR NOT Mr. Hoover was sincere in putting forward the veiled suggestion contained in his Armistice Day speech that the United States may soon be ready to enter into a consultative pact for the purpose of strengthening the Kellogg treaty, the suggestion appears to have been seriously accepted in Europe. Just what it is that Mr. Hoover wants is not altogether clear, but there can be little question of Europe's goal. The European nations already have their League machinery which they are obligated to use for consultative purposes when war is threatened. An independent consultative pact would therefore serve only to change the position of the United States by obligating this country similarly to meet with other Powers in the event of an impending war to discuss ways and means of averting that war. The United States, however, already has several means of conferring with other Powers in such a case. Adding another means would not measurably increase the effectiveness of the present insurance against war unless the United States were at the same time to commit itself in advance to a definite course of action to be taken as a result of the contemplated consultations. This undoubtedly is what Europe wants; it is the position toward which Europe has been trying to maneuver the United States ever since 1918 without success.

THE WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE on child health and protection has come and gone, with the blare of publicity that always attends these gatherings summoned by the President, but with little tangible achievement as yet evident to the naked eye. As the result, it is announced, of a year's intensive expert study, the conference adopted nineteen conclusions, among which we note the following: "Every child is entitled to be understood." "Every child has a right to play with adequate facilities therefor." "Every child waif and orphan in need must be supported." "Every child is entitled to the feeling that he has a home." Eighteen of nineteen conclusions are almost equally controversial. The last one is a recommendation for district or community organization for health education and welfare with full-time officials. It is unfair to judge a conference of this character by the resolutions to which it finally agrees, but it is a pity that a gathering of the leading experts on child welfare could not have been allowed to give the public a more inspiring platform than this string of platitudes.

THE REAL INTEREST of the conference centered in the effort of some of its medical members to destroy the work of the Children's Bureau in its present form by transferring child-health activities to the Public Health Service. This is an incident of the old campaign to centralize all the health work of the federal government in this one division. In the present case the contest has been largely between the physicians on the one hand and the social workers on the other. The conference address of Miss Grace Abbott, head of the bureau, calling attention to the intimate relation between poverty and unemployment on the one hand and child welfare on the other, is an illustration of the point of view of those who have made the Children's Bureau what it is. It is this broader view as opposed to the more narrow individualistic and professional attitude of the medical profession that has given to the work of the bureau much of its unique value. We believe that the judgment of the friends of the Children's Bureau, of the twelve women's organizations that have come out in its support, and of the conference section on the handicapped child, which voted against the transfer of activities, is sound. The whole matter has been referred to the continuation committee of the conference. It is to be hoped that this committee will not weaken the solid and promising work now being carried on by the Children's Bureau.

RUMORS AND MORE RUMORS come out of Riga, Vienna, and Berlin to tell of counter-revolution in Russia, of widespread starvation and consequent growing dissatisfaction among the Russian people, and of the assassi-

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nation of Stalin and other Soviet leaders. Moscow may deny the rumors, the United Press correspondent in Moscow may interview Stalin and so give the lie to that particular story, but still the rumors continue. This business of fighting with lies what the capitalist world considers the Russian menace is a piece of blind stupidity. Falsehoods cannot hurt Russia if the Russian experiment is succeeding, they can only mislead the people who wish to deal with the Russian problem in an intelligent way. Yet instead of intelligent consideration of the question presented to the capitalist world by the probable success of the Five-Year Plan, there is nothing but an attempt to obscure the issue. Here in the United States we make no effort to build up a sound economic defense against the new Russian economy, but elect rather to cut ourselves off from Russia economically as well as politically. This is the essence of the new Treasury Department policy toward imports from Russia. Although the Commerce Department tries to emphasize the importance of Russian purchases in this country, there is growing likelihood that the Treasury point of view will prevail. We shall occupy ourselves with a rejuvenated red scare, and in the meantime do nothing to prepare ourselves for the economic competition with which a successful Russia will eventually confront the rest of the world.

SENATOR ARTHUR CAPPER of Kansas, in an article in the New York *World,* comes to the defense of the Farm Board's Stabilization Corporation for jumping into the Chicago wheat pit and buying enough wheat to stop a disastrous fall in prices and pegging December wheat at 73 cents and May futures at 76 cents. He also notes in passing, "lest it be forgotten," that the tariff of 42 cents a bushel on wheat "was no mean factor in the process of stabilization." The Senator's exposition of the case is curious. The Stabilization Corporation, he points out, is not regarded by the Farm Board as a federal agency at all; it is just a corporation formed by the farmers' cooperatives, under government authority, to deal in grain with government money, and it is the cooperatives, which Senator Capper praises to the skies, that really did the trick. On the Senator's own showing they appear not to have been so powerful as he tries to make out, for he lets drop the interesting fact that the Stabilization Corporation "had been anxious but inactive for some time" while wheat prices were searching for a bottom, and that it was not until the corporation received "an expected nod of favor from the Farm Board" that "things began to happen." The great crisis is over, however; the corporation has a huge store of wheat which Senator Capper will gladly help pass on to the unemployed; and wheat is higher in Chicago than in Liverpool. Where all this helps the agricultural situation in this country we do not see. Nor apparently is it yet quite satisfactory to the National Grange, for that organization has just adopted "in quick order" a resolution calling for the old McNary-Haugen export-debenture plan for keeping the Treasury surplus down.

TO THE CHARGES that while he was still accepting a salary as president of Leland Stanford University the Secretary of the Interior was in his official Cabinet capacity head of the Federal Power Commission, Secretary Wilbur now makes a far from adequate reply. He was, he declares, drawing a university salary, not for "current services," but as a "sabbatical allowance . . . which I earned through fourteen years of continuous service." It is worth while at this point to congratulate Secretary Wilbur on having been favored by a university with an accumulation of sabbatical years; ordinarily they are granted one at a time, be the service seven years or twice seven. But leaving this aside, the charge that the Secretary as a government officer directly occupied with the regulation of public utilities accepted an honorarium from an institution whose investments were in a considerable degree in public utilities remains unsatisfactorily answered. Mr. Wilbur declares that as president of the university he had nothing to do with the investments, and that he was not a member of the board of trustees. It was all the more desirable, therefore, that he avoid every appearance of being in the slightest degree swayed by the university's public-utility connections. His defense displays the same lack of sensitiveness that earlier Cabinet members showed who, honest themselves, sat silent while the people were being robbed by the oil companies. If Secretary Wilbur can be justly accused of nothing else, he can be accused of impropriety. And for one of the highest officers of the government, this is serious enough.

CONGRESSIONAL REAPPORTIONMENT is not an exciting subject, but it is important if we are not to let a system of rotten boroughs develop, and are not to let the House of Representatives grow beyond even its present unwieldy size. After the census of 1920, it will be remembered, Congress refused to perform its duty of reapportionment. No State was willing to lose any part of its representation, and such a result could not be avoided if the total number of Representatives was not increased. After a hard fight, however, a reapportionment law was enacted on June 18, 1929, to be based on the 1930 census. The Census Bureau, acting under this law, has just worked out the reapportionment. California gains nine seats, Michigan four, Texas three, Ohio two, and four other States one each. Missouri loses three seats, Pennsylvania, Georgia, Kentucky, and Iowa two each, and sixteen other States, largely agricultural, one each. A new fight is threatened by Representatives of the States that lost seats to exclude aliens from the reapportionment count, and thus cut down the gain of the industrial States. Such action may be countered by the same move that was undertaken in the debate preceding the enactment of the present law, namely, an attempt to reduce the representation of those Southern States in which the Negro is disfranchised. As the Constitution bases representation simply on "persons," it is doubtful whether either plan, if enacted, would be sustained by the courts.

THE BIG FOUR railroad brotherhoods and the Switchmen's Union, following a ten-day conference in Chicago, indorsed the general principle of the six-hour day without any lessening of pay as a means of relieving unemployment among their members, but were unable to agree on a method of putting the principle into practice. It was therefore decided to call a general conference of all interests, including the sixteen other rail unions, railroad presidents and bankers, and representatives of the public, to draw up a comprehensive program. In the immediate situation the trainmen, firemen, and switchmen tried to get the engineers

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and conductors to agree to a reduction of mileage so that no one would earn more than 2,600 miles' (that is 26 days') pay a month, thus spreading existing work and pay among a larger number of men; but the aristocrats of the rails were unwilling to make so great a sacrifice. The three former groups will now try to make a reduction of the working day among their own members, hoping that the others will come in later with the mileage reduction. The whole situation is full of difficulties. The improvement of railroad equipment and organization is reducing the number of employees needed, which declined from its post-war peak of more than 2,000,000 in 1920 to 1,727,000 in July, 1929, and 1,515,000 in July of this year. The railroads have their own difficulties in view of the great falling-off of traffic on account of the business depression. To shorten the working day without reducing pay would, of course, add to their troubles. The organizations concerned have the problem of adjusting hours and pay in an industry which can no longer count on striking expansion, and the wisest sort of industrial statesmanship will be required to bring about a solution.

AGAINST THE BACKGROUND of intelligence and determination displayed by the Indian delegates, high and low alike, at the Round Table Conference, the speech of Ramsay MacDonald is a pale performance. Like the speeches of the Viceroy during the past months, like every liberal pronouncement on India that we can recall, the Prime Minister's carefully chosen, pleasant words may mean much —or nothing. His deliberate omission of the live word "dominion" before the dead word "status" is discouraging to those who had looked forward to an India freed by peaceful means. That India will be free, either as a dominion or as an independent state, was never more evident to disinterested eyes. And the Round Table Conference, no matter what its results, can contribute only to that end. If its Indian members can take home a definite and convincing promise of immediate self-government, Gandhi and his volunteers will be the first to praise and honor them. If, on the other hand, in the executive committee sessions into which the conference has now resolved itself, the Indians accept a federal constitution without self-government, the black flags that will be raised against them in India will be the signal for an even greater struggle. And in that struggle independence, not dominion status, will be the goal. The Round Table Conference offers Great Britain her last chance to save India for the Empire.

MARSHAL PILSUDSKI cannot be very proud of his recent election victory. His government bloc won 248 seats as against the 120 it held in the last Sejm, but it won them by a series of threats and wholesale arrests, by suppressing the opposition press, and by barring from the ballot the tickets of sixteen opposition parties. At least fifty opposition candidates who were almost certain of reelection to the parliament were among those ruled off the ballots. Other opposition candidates were thrown into prison, but many of these, including Count Witos, three times Premier of Poland, were elected notwithstanding this high-handed attempt to coerce the people into voting against them. Throughout the campaign Pilsudski kept up a miniature reign of terror in various parts of the country, particularly in Upper Silesia and in Western Ukrainia. Nevertheless, nearly all the anti-Pilsudski candidates in both these sections were elected. These gains give Pilsudski majority control, and thus enable him to assume responsibility for the immediate affairs of government, but he did not win the two-thirds' majority necessary to rewrite the constitution, which he desired as a means of legalizing his dictatorship. The terroristic tactics employed in the compaign have ostensibly strengthened Pilsudski's regime, but actually they have weakened it by increasing the number of his enemies.

STENIO VINCENT, lawyer, journalist, and diplomat, has been elected President of Haiti, the first man to be elected to that high office by the free will of the Haitian people expressed through the constitutional electoral machinery since the American marines occupied the country a decade and a half ago. His victory reflects credit upon that group of leading Haitian citizens who for years have been opposing the American Occupation and trying to rid the country of the illegal dictatorship of Luis Borno, which had been permitted to grow up under the sheltering wing of the Occupation. One of the effects of the visit of the Forbes Commission to the island last spring was the elimination of Borno and his peculiar type of politics from the Haitian scene. A second beneficial result comes now with the election of Vincent. A third should be the withdrawal of the marines, which the Forbes Commission has recommended. It is not correct or fair to describe Vincent as an anti-American, as many of the newspapers in this country have done. His bitter opposition to the American Occupation has been based upon his love of liberty and his ardent belief in self-government, and not upon any hatred for or enmity toward the United States. His ideals are such as those which once were held dear by most Americans. His sense of justice, his native astuteness, and his diplomatic training should contribute greatly to his success as President of Haiti.

PROFESSOR ALBERT EINSTEIN is filled with apprehension over his approaching visit to the United States. He has been the recipient of dozens of invitations to speak, dine, be seen, paraded, granted the freedom of the city, and otherwise treated like a prize exhibit on his American tour. He is profoundly shocked, moreover, at the offers of tens of thousands of dollars for his indorsement of almost any variety of commodity, whether he uses it or not. "Is it not," he asked mournfully, "a sad commentary upon the commercialism and, I must add, the corruption of our time that business firms make these offers with no thought of wanting to insult me?" No, Professor Einstein, no insult is intended. The American people seek only to do you honor. But they can do it only by making a big noise, by tearing up telephone books and throwing them out the window, by innumerable dinners of fried chicken and assorted ice creams. It would be pleasant if Professor Einstein could land quietly in New York, see only the few persons he would like to see, go only to the few places he would like, unobserved, to visit. But our hopes are not high that anything like this will happen. The populace must have its hero; it must see and hear him, it must above all watch him eat. That this particular hero is a German mathematician of a retiring disposition whose ideas it could not possibly understand does not matter. He is one of the greatest men in the world, and he must be lionized.

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A Progressive Program

UNLESS they awaken soon to their very apparent shortcomings the Progressives in Washington may fail to turn to their advantage and the advantage of the country the extraordinary opportunity which lies before them in the next two or three sessions of Congress. We hope they will respond to this opportunity, but nevertheless we believe it necessary to call attention to their present deficiencies lest these faults trip them up. With Congress about to reconvene the Progressives find themselves without a unified and well-balanced program. They lack leadership and organization. They move as independent units, and not as a solid phalanx toward a common goal. They are on the whole a group of intelligent and unquestionably sincere men, but each of them is going his own private way with his own legislative program. At many points these programs coincide; at other places they wander far afield. Is it any wonder that the regulars among the Republicans and Democrats take lightly the aspirations and political strength of the Progressives?

It is true, of course, that the regulars do not underestimate the strength of Senator Norris and his Muscle Shoals campaign. But Senator Norris is only one man; he cannot be expected to carry the whole Progressive burden alone; and the Muscle Shoals fight is but one item in what should be the true Progressive program. Were this man's determination and clarity of purpose transferred to the whole movement, what progress we could look for! Yet the saddening fact is that the Progressives as a group lack the drive and the vision of the Senator from Nebraska. This is not to say that they are divided among themselves and cannot or will not cooperate, but that they insist upon cooperating as individuals and not as members of an organized unit. Certainly these men should be well aware of the value of organization, and they must know that organization, to be effective, requires leadership. Intelligent and sincere as they may be, they cannot all be leaders. There is no question that they also appreciate the need of a common program.

Of one other fault the Progressives must rid themselves. Some of them are entertaining hopes of a third ticket in the coming Presidential campaign with Gifford Pinchot as their candidate. They believe they can break with the White House on the prohibition question in the event that Mr. Hoover declares for modification, and make the 1932 fight on the power issue. Much as we should desire to see an honest Progressive guarding our interests in the White House, we believe the men who are indulging themselves in this sort of speculation are wasting much valuable time. The fight for the moment is in Congress, especially in the Senate. If the breaks of the political game run their way, and the Progressives are given a fair chance of launching an independent Presidential ticket, well and good; they should seize upon that opportunity with enthusiasm and determination. In the meanwhile they should not be wasting the time and energy which they can put to such excellent use in Congress.

In the hope that the Progressives will erect the necessary organization and will unite upon a common program, *The Nation* offers for their earnest consideration the following planks as a basis for that program:

1. Public ownership and management of power sites.
2. Increased governmental control of the communications systems, of all other utilities, and of the facilities for the distribution of power, with eventual public ownership and management of these systems.
3. Drastic downward revision of the tariff in the interest of a sounder national economy and of the agricultural community.
4. Readjustment of federal income and inheritance taxes to insure a more equitable distribution of income.
5. Simultaneous establishment of a system of employment offices and a system of unemployment insurance.
6. Correction of the injunction evil.
7. Abolition of lame-duck sessions of Congress.
8. Real disarmament, as opposed to meaningless treaties for the limitation of armaments and to equally meaningless international disarmament conferences.

Here we have a realistic and workable program upon which we believe all Progressives not only can but will agree. Points 1, 2, 6, and 7 already have the virtually unanimous support of Progressives and need not be discussed here. Point 3 is essential. Economic forces beyond the control of statesmen and politicians will sooner or later force the tariff down. The Progressives can help in this return to sanity by adopting Point 3. In doing so they will also be helping their farmer constituents. Lower tariffs will give foreign nations a chance to dispose of their own wares here in exchange for this country's surplus farm produce. Downward revision will also lower the prices of goods the farmers must buy. This is a much sounder approach to the farm-relief problem than the uneconomic debenture schemes and equalization fees now being offered.

Point 4 will stop the tendency to a topheavy national economic structure such as is being erected at present. Secretary Mellon has been remarkably successful in forcing the removal of most of the checks on excess earnings and oversize incomes. The earnings have gone largely into new capital investments, thus adding to our already gigantic industrial plant without adding to the purchasing power upon which that plant depends. A major readjustment of federal taxation should be brought about in order to restore these checks. At the other end of the problem we find Point 5. It is clear by now that a nation-wide system of employment offices must be established and with it a system of unemployment insurance. These two means of relieving unemployment are interdependent and must be worked out together.

Point 8 is so obvious as to need but little elaboration. The hypocritical show at Geneva is eloquent proof of the insincerity of the nations who in this last decade have been so noisily advertising their intention of disarming. It remains for some one nation of unusually strong character to show the world that the way to disarm is to disarm. The Progressives in Congress can help the United States take the lead in this direction by refusing to vote for further appropriations for armaments.

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The Way to Disarm

IT is time that the curtain was rung down on the disarmament farce that is being played at Geneva. Not only are the debates in the Preparatory Commission getting nowhere, but it is obvious that the talking delegates have no real heart in the business and that their governments have no intention of reducing armaments in any manner or to any degree that would make the reduction worth while. Such hope as once obtained of achieving disarmament through a world-wide international agreement has dwindled to a shadow, and for the Geneva discussions to go on is a pure waste of time for all the parties concerned and a serious injury to the cause which the conference was expected to promote.

The subject of the great disarmament play was set by the framers of the Covenant of the League of Nations, and the performances have been going on intermittently for more than ten years. Article 8 of the Covenant recognized that "the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations," and bound the Council, "taking account of the geographical situation and circumstances of each state," to formulate "plans for such reduction for the consideration and action of the several governments." By the same article the members of the League further undertook "to interchange full and frank information as to the scale of their armaments, their military, naval, and air programs, and the condition of such of their industries as are adaptable to warlike purposes." The opening paragraph of Part V of the Treaty of Versailles, setting forth the restrictions imposed upon the armaments of Germany, declares that Germany undertakes to observe the restrictions "in order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations."

The League began its task by creating, in 1920, a commission of military and naval experts, only to learn shortly that the experts could not agree. It then tried a commission of experts and politicians, which sat until 1924 and accomplished exactly nothing. In 1924 it promulgated the Geneva protocol with its "sanctions" for any nation that ventured war without the blessing of the League, but the protocol went to the lumber room, where it belonged. Then, in 1925, came the Preparatory Commission, charged with the duty of preparing a program for a general disarmament conference. The commission hitched along until March, 1928, drew up a draft convention which satisfied nobody, and saw agreement vanish into thin air. The Kellogg-Briand pact, with its renunciation of war "as an instrument of national policy," offered a ray of hope and the commission met again, to be sidetracked for the London naval conference with its delusive program of parity, and chilled by the realization that none of the nations which had accepted the peace pact was abating materially its preparations for war.

Now, after a recess of more than a year and a half, the Preparatory Commission is again preparing, with the United States undertaking to boss the job. Anyone who can discover progress in the daily reports from Geneva has indeed a discerning mind. Bundles of old straw are being threshed over again and some new bundles have been added to the pile. Italy and France are at odds over naval parity, my lord Cecil is shocked when the arming of British merchant vessels is mentioned, France has not yet accumulated sufficient security to permit it to do anything and stands aghast at the suggestion of making public the exact state of its armaments, the allies of France have no minds of their own but keep their eyes fixed on the Quai d'Orsay, while Germany and Russia make the delegates shiver by declaring, the former that it expects the disarmament requirements of the Versailles treaty to be carried out, the latter that it is not interested in pretense but wants something genuine and thoroughgoing. The honors of evasion and dissent seem pretty evenly divided between Great Britain, France, and the United States, but the gaudiest decoration thus far has been won by the United States, which, after graciously accepting a variety of proposals that made no great difference to it, flatly refused to approve a budgetary restriction on expenditures for armaments. What with backing and filling, mutual suspicion, and repeated undoing of what had apparently been agreed upon, the outlook for agreement has become as insubstantial as a dream and as gloomy as a London fog.

There is no reasonable hope of bringing order out of this chaos. The only way to disarm is to disarm, and the United States has a greater obligation than any other Power to lead the way. If the United States wishes to redeem its reputation for sincerity, let it cut loose from the Geneva conference, call a halt in its own program of naval building, and reduce its present monumental outlay for preparedness. Its own hands would then be clean and other nations would have a great obstacle taken from their paths.

Tumultuous Education

ON the same day in the New York press come two statements of unusual importance to higher education in America. One is the indictment by Dr. Abraham Flexner, in his book "Universities—American, English, German," of the American university; the other is the announcement by President Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago of his plans for reorganization which next year will see under way.

Dr. Flexner does not hesitate to name names—or to call them—in his book. He cites the University of Chicago and Columbia as the chief—because the largest—offenders in that class of American university which is "in business"; which has education "to sell." The enormous enrolment of 48,000 claimed by Columbia, according to Dr. Flexner, is padded by the thousands who take correspondence or other courses in "advertising research," "book reviewing," "gymnastics and dancing for men, including practice in 'clog-dancing,'" and "instruction (elementary or advanced) in school orchestras and bands." This is not to mention the students in the schools of business and journalism and the additional thousands who learn the principles of pedagogy and the fine points of housekeeping, interior decoration, and dressmaking at Teachers College. We need only read the full-page advertisements in the Sunday papers of courses in "home study" to realize with Dr. Flexner that "the American university is

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becoming more and more tumultuous." While these institutions are enormously large and rich, they have "needlessly cheapened, vulgarized, and mechanized themselves." This is not to say that courses in homemaking, stenography, cookery, or wrestling may not have their place. It is to question that their place is the university. Dr. Flexner goes so far as to contend that business or journalism can never be made a profession as law and medicine are professions. "Undergraduates do not even learn the tricks of business and journalism, though, in so far as they try, they fail to make a profitable use of the real opportunities for education" which the university may offer.

This, of course, is a severe indictment, but few persons who have honestly considered the meaning of education can deny that it has force. It is refreshing, in the face of it, to take cognizance of the plan of the dynamic young Mr. Hutchins, whose own university, Chicago, Dr. Flexner does not spare. The Chicago plan proposes the abolition of the A.B. degree and the substitution therefor of a certificate issued to every student who can pass satisfactorily an examination after the completion of sufficient college work—the amount and duration to depend entirely on the individual student. Exceptional students may pass on to the university; students who come to college for entertainment, for social advantages, for athletic training, or to make the proper business connections can depart in peace with their certificates and be known by the college no more. The university will be divided into four departments: the humanities, the social sciences, the physical sciences, and the biological sciences. Effort will be made unceasingly to correlate these departments and the subdivisions under them where correlation is possible. The aim will be to give the student as much "education" in the highest sense of the word as he can assimilate. The difficulty of all this, as perhaps Mr. Hutchins would be the first to admit, is that it requires a large slice of the millennium to bring it about. It demands students of high capacity and instructors of high learning and enthusiasm. Nor is it time to say that neither of these will be found. They will assuredly be found, in what quantity time will tell. After five years, the University of Chicago will evaluate its new plan; if it does not seem to be proceeding hopefully, something else will be substituted.

Dr. Flexner would probably say that this tendency to try something new was at once the blessing and the curse of the American university. And the Chicago plan by no means answers his charge that our institutions of so-called higher learning have become high-powered business enterprises in which the administrator is perforce exalted above the teacher and the scholar, and the athletic coach above any of them. The remedy would be for the university to divest itself of "cheapness, vulgarity, mechanization"; for it to cease to emphasize mere numbers, amount of endowment, diversity of courses; for it to recognize frankly that the scope of "higher education" is limited and its devotees few; that the first concern of the university is with learning, and that learning is not now and never will be a mere acquaintance with practical affairs. In America today this is perhaps asking too much. But in the absence of the ideal university we can be grateful for Mr. Hutchins, for a plan wherein at least an attempt is made to get away from meaningless formalization and division of departments, from arbitrary requirements of residence and "credits." If this succeeds we can, perhaps, hope for more.

Urban Elephantiasis

COLONEL William A. Starrett admits that economic—though not engineering—considerations will probably prevent for the present the building of any skyscrapers appreciably higher than the Empire State Building, which his firm is now in process of completing. But let no one despair. For if buildings in our large cities do not go much higher in the future, they are destined, according to Colonel Starrett—and at present there seems no reason for supposing him to be mistaken—to grow bigger and bigger "because of the upward trend of land values. . . . We still have the overwhelming economic forces tending to larger and even larger structures." He points, as probably typical of the future skyscraper, to the Carew Tower in Cincinnati, which covers a full block and contains two department stores, a 750-room hotel, a 650-car parking garage, and a 48-story office building.

Colonel Starrett's comments are significant not because they are exceptional but because they are typical. It is obvious, however, that the widespread belief that higher structures are made necessary by continually rising land values is largely a reversal of cause and effect. It is the potential height of the building that can be erected on a "centrally located" plot, the potential rent obtainable, that largely determines the land value. What does Mr. Starrett imagine would happen to land values on Wall Street or Fifth Avenue if builders, instead of being permitted to put structures a thousand feet high on them, were forbidden, as in London, to put up anything higher than eighty feet? The "overwhelming economic forces" are created by ourselves; they could be quite easily curbed by a little legal force.

There is a sense, of course, in which these economic forces are really overwhelming. They are supported by our deep-seated laissez faire tradition, which permits each individual to make the greatest possible profit, regardless of what this means in social chaos and how it affects the general welfare. The only reason why the traffic congestion in our great cities cannot already be called intolerable is that we continue to tolerate it. Instead of protesting against the skyscraper as one of the main causes of our traffic plight, we are childishly proud of its size. Many of us have even become convinced, amazing as that may seem, that the skyscraper actually reduces congestion. Not always disinterested propagandists have pointed out that the skyscraper provides "vertical transportation" as a partial substitute for "horizontal transportation," and have succeeded in drawing attention away from the fact that two and two make four—that if the average height of the buildings in a given district is twenty stories there are twice as many persons jammed in that district as there would be if the average building height were ten stories. The question of "vertical" versus "horizontal" transportation is debatable; it may well be that it is better in business districts to have higher buildings widely separated than lower buildings immediately adjoining each other. But the question that those who live in our cities must eventually ask themselves is, How many human beings can we tolerate to the acre? Perhaps, when our traffic problem has become several times as desperate as it is today, we may be ready to consider the question.

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Congress in Confusion

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, November 19

IF Mr. Hoover's luck turns, Congress in the short session beginning December 1 will quickly pass the supply bills and one or two other necessary measures, confirm the President's appointments, and then adjourn politely and peacefully on March 3. If this happens, the White House will be spared an embarrassing extra session, but, unhappily, this does not appear to be Mr. Hoover's lucky year. Instead of a tractable and well-ordered Congress, he is faced with a Congress that is in complete confusion, one in which traditional party loyalties have become submerged in a great maze of uncertainties. Among the Republicans there has been a general loosening of party ties since the voters' revolt of November 4. The amazing interest shown in the power issue has frightened some of them; others are worried lest the rebuke administered to Mr. Hoover may foreshadow disaster for themselves should the hard times continue; still others have started off on a wet-and-dry rampage that may eventually wreck party discipline. Among the Democrats the lack of harmony is even more apparent. Their two leaders in Congress, Senator Robinson and Representative Garner, were among the seven national leaders who signed the politically wise but in other respects absurd pledge binding the party to cooperate with the Republicans in attempting to reestablish prosperity. Unfortunately, they did not bother to consult with their colleagues before offering this pledge, and now the Democrats, particularly those of the Senate, are in open revolt against their leaders.

Even among the Progressives, who really should have intelligence enough to appreciate the extraordinary opportunity the chaos in the ranks of their enemies has presented them, there is an air of helplessness. Thus far they have been unable to unite upon a definite, concrete program. They do not seem to understand the strategic value in rallying behind a single, forceful leader. Their own confusion may cost them dear, but circumstances beyond their control, primarily the absence of discipline among the stalwart Republicans and the growing probability of a rebellion among the Democrats, appear likely to bring them victory in their plan to force a special session when the ordinary logic of events forecast an utter rout. There is better than an even chance that no matter what the Progressives may do, Mr. Hoover's own Republicans and the followers of his Democratic friend and ally, Senator Robinson, will so mess up things in the short session that the supply bills cannot be got through and an extra session will become inevitable.

The time element is the essential factor upon which rests the success of the Hoover plan for jamming the appropriations measures through. Even under the most tranquil circumstances these bills usually require six to seven weeks of debate. The short session will last only ten weeks or thereabouts. Any interruption of unusual length would mean that the bills would not be voted upon before March 3. Should they fail of passage, the government departments would be without funds after the end of the fiscal year on June 30. Hence Mr. Hoover would have to call another session before December 1, 1930, when the new Congress is scheduled to meet, in order to keep the government running. His strategy, therefore, is to prevent interruptions of debate on the supply bills and, if necessary, to invoke the closure rule shutting off all debate until the bills are passed. But the gag rule needs a two-thirds' majority, and there are not only many Republicans who object to the use of the gag rule, but it could not be put into effect without the help of the Democrats. There is no certainty that the Democratic members will do the bidding of Senator Robinson in supporting a closure move at the request of the White House.

Yet the greatest danger Mr. Hoover must face lies with his own Republicans. The Eastern members, enthusiastic over the recent wet victories, appear determined to do whatever they can to jockey their party into a wet position on the floor of Congress. Senator Norris will without question press for action on his Muscle Shoals measure in the short session. He will be supported by a surprisingly large number of stalwarts in both Houses who have been awakened by the results of the elections. The ensuing discussion will use up a great deal of Mr. Hoover's very valuable time. The President himself has suggested that he may propose a seed loan as a farm-relief measure during the short session. This will undoubtedly reopen the entire farm question to debate, with renewed demands for adoption of the debenture scheme and for reformation of the grain exchanges, both of which will provide a timely opportunity for the anticipated attack upon the Federal Farm Board and upon Mr. Hyde's administration of the Department of Agriculture. Again, Mr. Hoover must prepare himself against the loss of days, perhaps weeks, in the matter of getting the Senate to confirm a number of his recent appointments, including especially the appointments to the new tariff and power commissions. While the whole list of tariff-board appointees will be carefully scrutinized by the Democrats and Progressives, it is almost a foregone conclusion that there will be a long-drawn-out struggle over the renaming of Edgar B. Brossard of Utah, and probably also over the appointment of Henry P. Fletcher of Pennsylvania. Senator Brookhart has already announced that he will carry the fight against Eugene Meyer, Jr., who has been appointed governor of the Federal Reserve Board, to the floor of the Senate. The most significant and most serious of the confirmation battles, however, is expected to come over the power-commission appointments, primarily because of the role the power issue has assumed in national politics. Whether he likes it or not Mr. Hoover must seek confirmation of these nominations, even though the debate over the nominations will still further reduce the time left for consideration of the supply bills.

Two other matters, one of which certainly, and the other most probably, will come up at the short session, include the Wagner unemployment bills and the controversy over reapportionment of the House of Representatives under the 1930 census. At first glance it would appear that an agreement can be reached all around on the unemploy-

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ment bills, but under the surface there are already numerous indications that the third of these measures may be used to launch a pork-barrel spree such as Congress has not known for many years. The first of the bills, that providing for the collecting of unemployment statistics by the government, was passed at the last session, but has not yet come into force because the House refused to appropriate the funds necessary to its operation. The second, passed by the Senate but not yet by the House, calls for the establishment of a national system of employment offices in cooperation with the various State governments. This will probably not be opposed by Mr. Hoover. The third measure would "provide for the advance planning and regulated construction of certain public works, for the stabilization of industry, and for the prevention of unemployment during periods of business depression." Before Congress votes itself and future administrations carte blanche authority to launch a series of public-construction projects as envisaged by this bill, the President wants to see a correlated and balanced program of public improvements worked out well in advance, so that the emergency projects will form part of a general plan and not be entered upon at haphazard and be used as a cover for the revival of pork-barrel politics. At the moment the Wagner bill guards against the danger of an uncontrolled spending splurge under the guise of helping the unemployed by placing the initiative with the President in deciding what projects shall be undertaken, but there is no telling what may happen to the bill once it is thrown open for debate and amendment.

The reapportionment question also threatens to develop a controversy that will embarrass Mr. Hoover in his fight against time during the short session. Under the redistribution of seats just announced by the White House, twenty-one States stand to lose one or more representatives in future Congresses. The redistribution becomes automatically effective March 4, 1931, unless Congress votes otherwise before then. The whole reapportionment scheme has met with renewed opposition from the Representatives of the losing States, and there is every chance that this opposition will find fervid and extended expression at the short session, which must deal with the question if it is to be dealt with at all.

Topping all this, two of the most regular of Republicans, Senator Oddie of Nevada and Representative Fish of New York, have been devoting the last several months to cooking up a new red scare, which each in his own manner plans to unload upon Congress as soon as it meets. Congressman Fish has collected bales of evidence to support his contention that there are hundreds of thousands of Bolsheviks lurking under cover in every corner of the United States. He may not have seen any of them, but he has listened to scores of ardent and probably sincere police chiefs, reactionary educators, Security League members, and other such professional patrioteers, all of whom have testified to the existence of veritable hordes of Communists in this country. Mr. Fish will be heard from without doubt. Senator Oddie is interested in Soviet products rather than in Soviet propaganda. He has visions of American industry being ruined by Russian dumping of coal, pulpwood timber, manganese ore, and similar commodities. Aroused by him and by such organizations as the American Manganese Producers' Association, thousands of business men throughout the United States are flooding their representatives in Congress with demands that something be done, and be done immediately, with regard to the great Russian menace. Mr. Hoover may be able to control the wets among his party members, to prevent a runaway farm-relief debate, to dissuade his fellow-Republicans from attempting to fish favors for their constituents out of the Wagner public-works bill, and to cajole them into swallowing the reapportionment without complaint, but he will have a most difficult time in trying to silence the anti-reds, even in the interest of harmony and prosperity.

There are a number of other measures of importance which are on the calendar or which may be placed there, but none of these appear likely to get very far in the short session, even though they include such excellent bills as the Norris lame-duck resolution and the Shipstead proposal to curb the injunction evil. Apart from actual legislative work, there will be several Congressional investigations under way during the session, some of them futile, but others extremely important to the cause of good government. Senator Blaine is ready to press his demand for an inquiry into post-office leases, which promises a scandal of the first water, a scandal the exposure of which the Administration has been trying to head off by promising to reform its lease system. Senator McMaster plans to resume his exploration into the alleged juggling of credit by the banks and the Federal Reserve Board. Senator Brookhart is anxious to lay bare what he describes as the evils of Mellonism, particularly with respect to the tax-refund methods and operations of the Treasury. The Shipping Board investigation will be the special field of Senator McKellar of Tennessee. Those observers in Washington who are usually best informed believe this inquiry will cause a sensation second only to that of Teapot Dome. Senators Dill and Couzens are scheduled to continue their drive for further publicity of the activities of the radio trust and its related power interests. A half-dozen Senators are preparing to go into the Kelley shale-oil charges, with an outside possibility that they may force an investigation of the whole Interior Department, where, according to rumor issuing from high places, a goodly number of malodorous matters may be uncovered.

All in all, it looks like an extraordinarily active winter in Washington. The newspaper correspondents are eager for the start of what they believe will be the most interesting session of Congress in many years. Senators and Congressmen coming back to Capitol Hill from their campaign fights at home smell controversy in the air, and although most of them are in utter confusion as to what it is all about they know in their own vague fashion that something must be done, even if it is only to get into a good fight that will get their names into the papers at home. The confusion and the ferment in Washington today may be a good omen. They tend to increase the strength of the nonconformists and consequently the strength of those opposed to the conservatism and reaction of the Hoover regime. Only around the White House is there a heavy gloom. Mr. Hoover faces the stiffest out-and-out political struggle of his career, and the betting is that he will lose. Defeat of his plan to dodge a special session will mean that the show opening on December 1 will run almost continuously until the national conventions are held and the Presidential campaign begins in the summer of 1932.

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Germany Nears the Crisis

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Berlin, November 10

GERMANY has been breathing again—politically speaking. The adjournment of the Reichstag until December 3 has given the country something of a respite—or better, a reprieve. No one deludes himself that it is anything else. No one believes that the country will drift through the whole winter as comparatively easily as it is slipping through this month of November. Nobody really ventures to prophesy, but everybody feels that sometime between the first of December and the first of April this republic will undergo a trial by fire and there are doubters a-plenty who look for a dictatorship before the Ides of March. What kind of dictatorship? you ask. "Well," comes the reply, "not necessarily one created by Hitler, but probably one due to Brüning's weakness, to his taking some of the National-Socialist leaders into his Cabinet, or setting up as a dictator himself."

Idle speculation! It is as impossible to tell where and how the break will come as when it will occur. Back of everything political lies the industrial situation. Observer after observer, in and out of office, has said to me: "I believe we could work through the political crisis if we could only check the unemployment." But how can one check unemployment in Germany with all the world in the grip of a crisis which has led one of England's foremost officials and economists to throw up his hands and say that he knows of nothing more to be done in the British kingdom, that he sees nothing ahead but to wait for a bit of blue sky to appear of its own accord? Here, waiting means among other things asking whether three millions of unemployed, now facing a winter which by all the signs bids fair to be cold and bitter and begins with disastrous floods not far from Berlin as well as in Silesia, can be induced to persevere in their marvelous fortitude and incredible patience. The newspapers, cognizant of the danger, are beseeching the public to give freely, but more than that to express sympathy for the half-starved victims of this debacle of the capitalist system. One daily even urges that everybody at work should speak to a jobless man or two a day to keep up their morale!

If the World War had not shown us that men could endure for weeks the tortures of hell in ever-present sight of death, it would seem beyond belief that these great masses of the unemployed both here and in England could so calmly face the horror of this coming winter. It was not the unemployed who broke the windows in the Leipzigerstrasse when the Reichstag met. There are plenty of crimes reported in the press daily, but few are directly traced to want. One wonders why it is that men are not smashing windows in order to go to jail and so be warm and clothed and really fed. The dole? Well, the dole is paid by the Reich for only eighteen months of unemployment, not indefinitely as it is in England. After that the recipient must try for communal assistance or fall back upon private charity.

But even beyond the horrible want of everything needed for a decent life is the psychological effect of the utter hopelessness of it all. What have these people, young or old, to look forward to? Must they also dumbly sit by in the hope of seeing some time or other a bit of blue sky? The older men and women know that each month of idleness renders them less and less fit for labor, more likely to be shelved. The younger ones—why should they not hate society? They are eager to work. Are they to be denied all hope of an ordered active life, of a home, of marriage, of happiness? Tell them that the crisis is only temporary, and they ask you if there have not been hundreds of thousands if not a million unemployed ever since the war in Germany as well as England. Is it not surprising that they have not all gone wildly radical? that they are not daily raiding the foodstores and smashing the shops that still carry the luxuries of the very rich few?

Is it any wonder that the *Tageblatt* has devoted three first-page leading articles in succession to this problem? That one writer demands that the well-to-do levy tribute upon themselves to raise the sums necessary to help the state keep the sufferers from absolute despair, and declares that the methods the Quakers used for feeding the starving after the Armistice should be adopted at once? This incessant hammering of a large section of the press shows that it knows where the real danger to the republic lies and that the remedies proposed, for example, by Prussia will help comparatively little. It will help—a year hence—to add a year to the curriculum of what we should call the public grammar school. It will help—next spring and summer—to inaugurate new public works and dig new canals. It will help—by February, perhaps—to introduce the six-hour day and the four- or five-day week where it can be done without deranging industries. It may possibly help the unemployed—indirectly—to cut 350,000,000 marks from the salaries of the civil-service employees in the Reich, the various states, and the communes. So, too, may help the general voluntary reduction of the huge salaries paid to the directors and top employees in the large industrial concerns. But what is all that when the institute established to study the crisis has proved that there has been a general drop in production of 25 per cent as compared with last year? In September, for example, 11,700,000 tons of coal were mined as compared with last year's 13,400,000 tons, while the pig-iron output in the same month was only 653,000 tons as compared with a monthly average of 1,100,000 tons in 1929. The Reichsbahn tells the story, too, for its freight receipts have dropped from the 1929 average of 290,000,000 marks a month to 255,000,000 in the best month of 1930.

It is not only the unemployed that suffer, or the 1,800,000 who are working on part time. Even the employed are steadily seeing their wages cut although they have no margin to spare, and are sinking to lower standards of living. The metal workers who have just been condemned by an arbitrator to lose 3 per cent of their wages until January 1 and 8 per cent thereafter have been among the better-paid workers. Yet those who know their situation say that it is cruel to make them take this cut; that they ought not to be asked to do so. The labor unions are losing ground because they

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are worsted in every arbitration, in every strike. Yet the employers are by no means wholly in the wrong, for with decreasing production and increasing foreign competition their balance sheets are bad—it is rare, indeed, for a great company to record increased profits as has the I. G. Farben which reports a cash bank balance of 120,000,000 marks. True, the foreign trade balance has been favorable throughout the year; the excess of exports over imports will probably go above a billion marks. But let no one be deceived by that. This favorable showing is due to the *decrease* in imports—30 per cent lower in September of this year than in September, 1929. In the same month German exports actually dropped 20 per cent under the figures for September, 1929. All in all, the economists declare, there will be a reduction of the national income this year by at least ten billions of marks—but the reparations have to be paid although the government's deficit for the year will be 580,000,000 marks in spite of drastic economies and increased taxes.

What unemployment is doing to the cities can easily be shown. They are all in distress because of the necessity of keeping the jobless alive and of giving social services to penniless people—a function which goes far toward keeping the peace as well. In 1913 Frankfort-on-the-Main expended 3,737,000 marks to take care of 8,111 destitute persons. Last August no less than 82,998 persons, or 15.4 per cent of the entire population of 540,000, were "kept above water by public contributions," which totaled 1,652,493 marks for the month. In the fiscal year 1929-30 this city expended 38,000,000 marks for poor relief, or 22.4 per cent of its total budget of 170,000,000 marks. This amount was 31 per cent larger than the sum similarly expended in 1928-29, and the figures are steadily rising. Where will they stop?

The experience of Frankfort is typical. City after city reports a deficit. Berlin reports a prospective deficit of 61,900,000 marks, due first to greatly increased expenditures for the unemployed, and second to the decrease in tax receipts of 20,500,000 marks. The city authorities report that they are supporting no less than 100,000 unemployed—twice the number they had counted upon at the beginning of the year—and the number is increasing "at a terrifying rate." These 100,000 are persons no longer eligible for moneys from the Reich, that is, they have been unemployed for more than a year and a half. From Cologne comes a report of a deficit of 12,500,000 marks; the chief expenditure was some nine millions for relief.

Naturally, it is not only the working classes which feel this depression; it affects every class in the community. Every restaurant, no matter what group it caters to, reports this winter as "catastrophic." Even where the attendance keeps up, the income is falling off because the customers are denying themselves all but the necessities. On top of this, the unfortunate proprietors of restaurants, cafes, and beer houses are facing a new tax, beginning December 1, which has already led to strikes by hotel and restaurant keepers in Hamburg and Dresden. In these strikes they have been warmly supported by their employees and the public. The "strike" has consisted of cutting off drinks or closing all the restaurants and cafes for an entire day, not an insignificant gesture if one knows how large a role these institutions play in German life. In Berlin the leaders of society, the government itself, and the highest officials have issued statements that they will entertain very little this winter. The government has publicly asked that no balls be given except for charitable purposes and this has hit Berlin's public resorts hard, because balls have always been popular and the profits therefrom have kept many a dance hall and restaurant, hotel and concert hall alive. Taxicab drivers tell you almost with tears in their eyes that they drive for twelve hours through a long night and earn only the minimum wage of four and a half marks guaranteed by the company. On every side one hears the same story. What effect this has upon the psychology of the people can be appreciated only if one is able to compare the Berlin of today with what it was even fifteen months ago. True, there are theaters and music-halls going full blast, and the movies are crowded, but theaters are heavily "papered" and most of them are in financial trouble.

While the government fights for its existence, it cannot wholly avoid blame for at least part of the misery to be found in Germany. Within the past year the tariff on wheat has been increased fourfold. Everywhere the protective-tariff mania gains ground, even among the trade unions. The more the situation calls for an unfettered trade, the louder are the demands, as in England, for greater protection. The great land barons, although they are protected by tariffs twice as high as those they had before the war, demand still higher tariffs. The government is sincerely trying in some directions to bring down the price of foodstuffs, and has just achieved a reduction in the price of bread and meat. At the same time it continues to raise tariffs at the very moment that it should be lowering them to increase the markets for German goods. More than that, the government is subventioning all sorts of businesses, with the result that the industrialists thus aided are pocketing the winnings while the state makes good the losses. Nor can the government be defended for authorizing the building of another armored cruiser or so-called "pocket battleship." Germany's tiny fleet could protect nothing in time of war, and is being maintained merely as a matter of stupid national pride.

Meanwhile, Brüning has unquestionably gained during this breathing spell. His victory in the Reichstag and in the Foreign Affairs Commitee of that body has strengthened him and so have the stupidities and excesses of the National Socialists. The tactics of the Hitlerites in attacking the Catholics, of whom the Chancellor is the distinguished representative, the speeches of some of Hitler's lieutenants, and the constant rioting of the National Socialists—as, for example, at Frankfort recently, where they attacked not Communists but Social Democrats—are bound to injure them in the long run. The defeat of the fascist and Heimwehr leaders in Austria is also a help. But Brüning's great test is still to come when the Reichstag meets on December 3.

One wonders whether a world conference to study the whole frightful situation—of Europe especially—will not soon be in order. It ought not to take many months more for the so-called statesmen to realize that the crisis affects everybody and that as one country sinks, as Germany is doing, to lower and lower standards of living, it gradually affects the welfare of every other country. Here is a chance for Mr. Hoover. Unfortunately, Mr. Hoover is the very one who has been preaching the doctrine that America can go it alone, prosperous, happy, and entirely self-contained, while the rest of the world goes to the dogs.

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Frank L. Wright and the Chicago Fair

By DOUGLAS HASKELL

THERE is to be a World's Fair at Chicago in 1933; the buildings are to constitute the biggest collective undertaking in American architecture since the last World's Fair in Chicago forty years ago. Yet in the list of the participating architects one looks in vain for the name of Frank Lloyd Wright. It is as if one should plan an anthology of American literature which excluded Emerson.

For Frank Lloyd Wright's position today is unique in American art. He is perhaps the only artist we have who for thirty years has been sending a powerful original impulse around the whole world from America. In painting and sculpture we have admittedly been indebted to France; in literature we have been pursuing our own ends; but in architecture, through this one man and him only, we have stood at the forefront of an international development.

The evidence is conclusive. In 1910 the leading German architectural publishing house, Wasmuth's, had already brought out every scrap of Wright's designs then available, in two large lithographed folios of plates. By 1911 they had published a popular edition for Germany with an introduction by the English architect C. R. Ashbee. The year 1916 saw the erection of the Imperial Hotel in Tokio, which has instigated a whole native school of architecture in Japan. By 1925 the Dutch magazine *Wendingen* had collected a series of special issues into a handsome volume on Wright, which, by the way, they translated, and which is the only book about him yet available in English. And last year, in the latest edition of the volume on modern architecture in the monumental art series of the Propyläen Verlag, the editor fittingly repeats the tribute: "It is no wonder," he writes, "that this great artist is exerting a strong influence on the architecture of Europe."

Nor has Wright been without honor in his own country. Less quickly than in Europe but none the less certainly, his leadership has been attested by every responsible and disinterested authority in America. This includes not only men like Lewis Mumford, who are in sympathy with Wright's aims, but men like Fiske Kimball, who very much like the classicism which Wright has been fighting against, and Dean Edgell of Harvard, who cares very little for the modern effort in toto. Those who disagree extensively with Wright's manner, like Henry-Russell Hitchcock, pay him the obverse compliment of extended discussion.

Wright was born and educated in Wisconsin, a pioneer from a family of the first pioneers. All his life he has been an independent. His architectural training was in the office of the "old master" Louis Sullivan, who fought the valiant one-man battle for an indigenous architecture against the whole Beaux-Arts in the fair of 1893.

No man has gone more deeply than Wright into the nature of materials, has known better the obligation to leave brick as brick, stone as stone, wood as wood. At the height of the Morris agitation for handicraft, Wright had already recognized the inevitability and usefulness of the machine, and had formulated a clear program for its use as the tool of the artist himself.

Perhaps the best shorthand for him lies in his own aphorisms with their Emersonian pithiness: "Principle is the safe precedent. The working of a principle is the only safe tradition." "An organic form grows its structure out of conditions as a plant grows out of soil. . . . Both unfold similarly from the within." "In organic architecture decoration is desecration because to decorate is to apply." "'Of the thing itself'—never 'on it' applies to every feature of an organic building." "Monotony is impossible to the working of a principle because all then lives. Standardization could live similarly." "Solemnity, sincerity, sobriety, gaiety—all may characterize architecture, but humanity will best love creative work characterized by joy."

Wright works from the overflow of an astounding vitality. His carriage is princely. But when the Eastern architects, who had the power of selecting their Chicago confreres for the new fair, said they had omitted him (without so much as a consultation) for fear he would "seek to dominate" and "might not cooperate" they made too much of a very minor trait. His boundless self-assurance in other circumstances might be called sheer vanity, stubbornness, or what you will. In architecture no pioneer could survive at all without it. In that ruthless game the innovator almost literally has to push a whole civilization in front of him. A rebel artist can at least paint his own picture; but a pioneer architect cannot so much as build his own building. He has to cajole or bully client, contractor, material man, politicians, laborers, and last of all that monster, the financier. There is nothing, Wright has observed with some feeling, nothing so timid as a million dollars.

There is another aspect to the question, however, which far transcends anything personal. Probably none of the architects of the fair realizes how closely this fair runs, in many people's minds, to the essential character of the previous one, which the present generation has largely repudiated. If 1893 imposed a false classic from the Beaux-Arts, these people say, the new one is about to impose a false modernism from the Paris Exposition of 1925. The second no less than the first is in their opinion a flashy picture without substance, which will send the country off on a riot of "craziness" without reason, and saddle us with hallucinations, pretense "conjoined with expert salesmanship of the materials of decay."

Mr. Harvey Wiley Corbett has now issued an interview to the Chicago *Daily News* which is extraordinary because it volunteers an additional reason for omitting Wright, namely, that Wright's architecture "has not conformed to any particular type" and might not harmonize with that of the committee. He goes on to express the hope that nevertheless "one or two things of Mr. Wright may be used." May we hope that these things will be buildings?

To the everlasting credit of the men of '93, they admitted Sullivan, the *advocatus diaboli,* into the show, and gave him a generous building, which, as it proved, American architecture needed badly. There is still a chance for the men of '33 to do the same for Wright.

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Chains Versus Independents
IV. The Fighting Independents*

By EDWARD G. ERNST and EMIL M. HARTL

THE fight is on! An ex-governor of Texas has received a revelation from God to get back into politics and save his people from the chain-store dragon. A number of United States Senators appealed to their constituencies for support in the recent election on the basis of their anti-chain convictions. A few States have passed special tax legislation against the chains only to have it contested and held unconstitutional. Some forty newspapers are dedicated to anti-chain propaganda; and more than a dozen radio stations are actively engaged in the fight. In Danville, Virginia, a clerk in an independent store was dismissed from service because he made a purchase in a chain store. A school teacher in Michigan was refused her contract on the ground that she had been seen in one of these foreign-owned establishments.

Three Types of Independents

The independent merchants in the ten cities included in our survey can be separated into three classes. The first class is fighting a defensive battle. The second group is as yet unaffected and is simply awaiting the outcome, fearing that the day is not far off when they, too, will be drafted into the fray. The third class is taking the offensive, and at present their fate is not certain.

We were told by one grocery wholesaler that 75 per cent of the merchants he served had no knowledge of merchandising. They have no capital, and depend upon the wholesalers to extend them unlimited credit. They refuse to modernize their methods and expect the public to patronize them for sentimental reasons. The same condition prevails in a somewhat lesser degree in all other retail businesses. A certain chamber of commerce secretary expressed this same feeling when he said, "What we need is more merchants and fewer 'shopkeepers.'" The majority of retail merchants have never been successful; and it is this group that are now seizing the opportunity of laying the blame for their failure on foreign-owned stores.

In many communities the anti-chain feeling has been strong enough to support organizations devoted to combating the chains. These organizations, of which there are now nearly 350 in the United States, have adopted one of two methods of warfare. The Community Builders, in Danville, Virginia, never mention the chains, but keep constantly before the public the idea that communities are built and institutions supported by money that is left at home. This constructive propaganda is put over through the use of billboards, newspaper advertising, and radio programs. The success of this method is alleged to be considerable even by the local chain-store managers.

In Anderson, South Carolina, we were introduced to an organization which employs the other method. Henderson's representative had recently passed through and had managed to drain the independent merchants of $1,400, collected in the form of $12 memberships in the Merchant Minute Men's Association. The Anderson merchants thus became members of the largest anti-chain organization in existence, composed of about 50,000 business men in all parts of the country. The purpose of the "three m's" association is to reveal all the chain-store faults and shortcomings. Its attack is bitter and uncompromising. Its headquarters are located at Shreveport, Louisiana, and radio station KWKH is its chief medium of expression. Approximately $80,000 is needed per year to keep this organization functioning, and it was to this expense that the Anderson merchants so willingly contributed. But the enthusiasm for the "three m's" has since died down; and it is now generally conceded that a similar drive next year would not yield more than $12 from the whole city. Any attack on the chain stores which attempts to brand them as crooks and robbers is destined to fail after the first excitement is over.

The second class of independent merchants are not as yet faced with the chain-store competition. It is true that the great mass of our American people demand much the same class of merchandise. To them, then, the chief buying incentive is price, and when the volume of business is increased, the price is correspondingly decreased. It is upon this idea that the chain stores are built. But there is one group of consumers who will not buy with the common people; their independence demands special and tender attentions from well-trained salespeople who must cater to their whims and fancies. The cost of serving this crowd is heavy, and great profit must be realized. The turnover is small and the losses are great; therefore the advantages that the chain stores have in other fields will not serve them here.

Chain stores do not attempt very extensively such services as credit and delivery. A number of the grocery chains will not allow telephones in their stores. Only a very few do any delivering, and when delivery service is offered an extra charge is made. The great momentum of the chain system came with the saving through cash buying and selling. However, there are still a large number of people who prefer to give their order by telephone, have it delivered at the back door, and pay the bill on the first of the month. These customers are still left in the hands of independents.

The Most Effective Weapon

An independent merchant in Framingham, Massachusetts, serves as a good example of the third class of independents. He says that "a chain store is a store, that's all, and if Woolworth didn't have it John Smith would." It matters little to this man who his competitor is; he has long since discarded his old methods and adopted those introduced by his competitors. He refused to sell out and move to a less expensive location merely because the chains were willing

* The last of a series of four articles.—Editor The Nation.

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to pay more rent or were moving in across the street. He paid what they would pay, and his increased volume of business which came as a result of better prices made possible through a more efficient system of buying and merchandising proved the wisdom of his move.

The independent grocers in Tallahassee are showing what can be done in competition with the chains. They are not wasting their energy "spitting fire" as so many of their well-meaning brothers are doing, but are using it in action. At the present time there is but one chain grocery store in the city. Others have come in to look over the situation, only to find the city well taken care of. The best locations on the main streets were occupied, and high rents were being paid. The stores were modern in every detail, clean, and attractive. The service rendered was of the best and the prices were exceptionally low. This is one city in which the independents have the advantage because they were able to profit by the examples of the chain stores even before one had invaded their own city.

There are many independents in this third class who have thrown away their "air-rifles" and are now meeting the enemy with "machine-gun," against "machine-gun." This, however, does not represent the limit of an independent's resources. The road to new inventions is open to him; and it is gratifying indeed to find individuals already accepting the challenge. In Shreveport, Louisiana, two independent grocers are making extraordinary advances. One is now doing more than a million dollars' worth of business in his three stores, and the other is doing a half-million in two, far exceeding any chain competitor. The secret of their success lies in the theory that parking space is more to be desired than a good downtown corner. Consequently they have purchased property and built colossal business houses some distance from the center of the city. The tired housewife drives out, parks without embarrassment or police interference, and spends from half an hour to half a day in perfect leisure and comfort, choosing from the most attractive array of groceries, meats, fresh fruits, and vegetables. She receives the most courteous attention and stands as long as she desires before the numerous full-size mirrors. These merchants have overlooked nothing in their attempt to please and satisfy every customer.

The Fight of the Wholesalers

Retailers are not the only men alarmed by the spread of chain merchandising. Wholesalers and manufacturers are also taking an active part in checking the chain-store progress. Manufacturers fear the dictatorial policies of the big chains and their final dependence upon these mammoth concerns. The wholesalers still in the race are barely hanging on. Through these classes another great effort is being made to protect the independent merchant. In Danville, Virginia, thirty-two independent grocers now belong to the Quality Service Stores, an organization which reaches into eight States. The total expense for the extra services of advertising, displaying, and the instigation of sales is covered by a $10 membership fee. Each member's store is painted and a Q. S. S. sign displayed on the front. One day each week a committee of four men decides on six items which will be sold at cost. These are advertised along with some twenty other items listed at regular prices. A window-trimmer is sent the rounds once a week to give proper display to the specials. The total cost of these services per store amounts to $21 per month. This amount is taken care of by the manufacturers. Anyone wishing to have his product given special attention pays the association so much a year, and the stores carry out the obligation. Any company not willing to pay the sum is likely to find its product off the market in the near future.

Besides the advantages of group advertising and specialized window-trimming, the members of this association receive frequent concessions from manufacturers and wholesalers. The average saving realized in this way is about 5 per cent. This helps the small man considerably, but of course it does not compare with the savings made possible by the large-quantity direct buying carried on by well-established independents and the chains.

Independent Grocers' Alliance

The greatest of all independent organizations is the Independent Grocers' Alliance. In less than four years it has grown into the second-largest grocery concern in the country; 14,000 stores now display its insignia. It was started by an accounting firm in Chicago. Realizing that its own business depended upon the success of the independent merchants, this firm organized a group of the more progressive wholesale grocers, and through their collective buying and advertising immense savings were made. These were passed on to the independent retailer in the hope that he would now be able to compete with the chains. But sales did not increase as had been expected, and it became necessary for the accounting firm and the newly organized wholesalers to help the retailers solve their problem. The very best trained minds were engaged and new programs were advanced. Independents wishing to join this powerful organization were requested to remodel their stores in accordance with a blue-print sent out from headquarters. The latest improvements were installed and modern merchandising methods introduced. Weekly sales were initiated and a price standard was set up. Advertising was handled by the super-organization, and the individual stores were taxed $3.50 per week for such services. This policy, when once introduced, made speedy progress. The sales began to increase and the independents' profits went up.

The Alliance now aims to establish one store for every 2,000 inhabitants. Only the most progressive independents are invited to join, and they are requested to buy at least $500 worth of merchandise per week from an I. G. A. wholesaler. It is expected that they will make a special effort to introduce the new I. G. A. label to their constituents, as it is through this new brand that the greatest savings can be made. For the few independents who find it is possible to join this organization there is a certain assurance of success, which is paid for by the loss of independence. They are in much the same position as chain-store managers, but burdened with much greater responsibility and risk. As for the majority of small independents, they still find themselves on the outside, with still another powerful organization, this time of independents, to fight against.

In other fields of merchandise, wholesalers and manufacturers do their collective bargaining in New York and other large centers. In this way the local jobbers can be eliminated and the selling expense greatly reduced. Many independents with whom we talked claimed they were able

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to buy as cheaply through these buying organizations as their chain competitors. It is only with such reductions that they are able to meet the chain-store prices.

In Newport, New Hampshire, an independent merchant operating a variety store has a connection with a New York jobber who not only sends him all his merchandise, but, what is just as important, keeps him in touch with the latest business methods. The arrangement is proving to be very satisfactory and there is little doubt that it is a big factor in the merchant's success.

All these movements we have just discussed are merely methods of self-defense on the part of the retailer, the wholesaler, or the manufacturer, and sometimes all three are involved in the scheme. The fact that the most successful of these organizations are those most like the chains points to the ultimate triumph of the chain principle.

Let us reiterate that the chain principle of distribution is economically sound. It cannot be retarded. We must accept the chain stores as a factor in our new age of efficiency and attempt to keep them under control. New policies of community spirit must be developed. Hours and wages should be controlled, and the interests of the producer protected. In an age of greatest efficiency there must be but three main classes of people, the consumer, the producer, and a minimum number of citizens involved in distribution. The interests of all three must be given equal consideration.

Women Workers in Massachusetts

By GARDNER JACKSON

THE triumph of the Democrats in the fight for the governorship of Massachusetts brings them face to face with a challenge from the women workers of the Commonwealth, a challenge which was made explicit by the nature of the campaign conducted by the Republicans in their pose as labor's angels. Massachusetts prides herself on her advanced labor legislation—the minimum-wage law for women, the forty-eight-hour week, laws to provide good working conditions, and laws for the protection of workers in hazardous jobs. When Southern textile competition began to threaten the very existence of the textile industry of Massachusetts, loud were the cries of moral indignation against the South for its shameful exploitation of labor. In his unsuccessful Republican Senatorial campaign, William M. Butler, the great New Bedford mill owner, stumped the State as labor's friend, setting the tone of his campaign by his demand for a national forty-eight-hour law.

It is true that the forty-eight-hour law has withstood the attacks of the Arkwright Club—of which ex-Senator Butler is a member—and other mill owners' organizations; it is equally true that Massachusetts's methods of enforcing labor laws renders some of them all but valueless. Except for two or three individual members the State Department of Labor operates upon the principle that the less trouble the better. It is obvious that no labor laws can be administered honestly without trouble, given our present attitude toward labor, and particularly in times of depression.

If Mr. Butler had been sincere in his pose as labor's friend he might have investigated conditions in his own city of New Bedford and the adjoining city of Fall River, especially the wages and working conditions of the thousands of women and girls employed in the small shirt, overall, underwear, and similar industries. These industries, with which this article deals exclusively, have been brought to Massachusetts by the chambers of commerce and banks to replace the larger textile industries that have waned.

Conditions among the women workers in Fall River and New Bedford are so bad that the church leaders, social workers, and, in one or two instances, even the city officials have held despairing conferences to see what can be done. But nothing is done. The minimum-wage law is virtually disregarded and neither the Department of Labor nor the Minimum Wage Commission can be stirred to action. Samuel Ross, the aged labor member of the Minimum Wage Commission, was sent by the department to one conference, where he made promises that something would be done. That was many months ago. Nothing has happened.

The Consumers League of Massachusetts conducted a thorough investigation in Fall River, New Bedford, and Lawrence during the past summer. Two college women worked in various of the new industries and experienced conditions at first hand. The wages paid are quite as bad as anything of which the South has been guilty. I quote from the report of one of these college women on the Sally Middy Company of Fall River, where 107 girls were employed in August. The average age was twenty-two.

> There is no standard pay. Rates are determined individually and no one can figure out how much one is supposed to receive. The rates range from $3 to $13 for a full week. After a girl has been in the plant a certain length of time (this varies) the manager decides to put her on straight piece rate. Some of the rates are as follows: straight time rate, 12½ cents an hour; making middy collars, 2 cents a dozen; sewing on buttons, 4 cents a hundred; sewing around bottom of middy, 3 cents a dozen. Pay roll ending July 31 was as follows: eight received between $1 and $2, nine between $2 and $3, ten between $3 and $4, seven between $4 and $5, thirteen between $5 and $6, seven between $6 and $7, six between $7 and $8, fourteen between $8 and $9, three between $9 and $10, four between $10 and $11, six between $11 and $12, five between $12 and $13, two between $13 and $14, two between $14 and $15, one received $16, one $18, one $20. Sixty received less than $8, the minimum for beginners. . . .

Or take the investigator's report on the Lincoln Shirt Company of New Bedford, employing about 200 girls, averaging eighteen years of age.

> Wages run from $2 and $3 up to $13 a week. All wages are paid by the piece. Paid weekly, the first week's wages are held back until the second week. Paid in workers' time, not company time.

It was because of the pitiful wages in this and similar Fall River industries that John L. Campos, organizer for the American Federation of Labor, conducted an inquiry and called a conference early in the year which was attended by

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Mr. Ross of the Minimum Wage Commission. Nothing has been done since despite the fact that Campos's files indicated that wages of $3 to $6 a week are paid to many of the women and girls in the various shirt, underwear, and allied industries. Conditions of work in the industry—sanitation, rest periods, ventilation—are reported as almost uniformly bad.

Practically all of these industries, which employ a total of several thousand women and girls, are comparative newcomers to Fall River and New Bedford. Some of them hail from New York. It is just possible that they were glad to escape the ministrations of the New York Department of Labor, headed by the idealistic and able Miss Frances Perkins. And except for the activities of the despairing social workers, the Massachusetts Consumers League, and one or two courageous labor officials, the newcomers have not been bothered. It is at least worth mentioning that in one known instance a new arrival who was disturbed by complaints against his labor methods presented himself to the head of the Labor Department with a letter of introduction from Homer Loring, the presumed financial genius of Massachusetts, intimate of bankers and industrialists, who had been persuaded by the Fall River mill owners to apply his talents to the rejuvenation of that city.

The situation in Lawrence is similar, though a different type of industry is involved. The Everett Mills, one of the largest factories in New England, with 1,500,000 square feet of floor space, was forced to close its doors in 1928, owing to the unwillingness of its New England owners to change from the manufacture of ginghams and other cotton goods to the manufacture of rayons, silks, and other materials which the stylists dictated, and also because of Southern competition. Title to this great factory was secured by the Lawrence Factories, Inc., whose president at the time of incorporation was James H. Eaton, a Lawrence banker, an active backer of the Lawrence Industrial Bureau. This bureau had been formed by the Lions Club, the Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs, and others, to pull Lawrence out of the doldrums. It has the blessing of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and city and State officials.

A Lawrence bank held a $140,000 mortgage on the Everett Mills and the property was assessed by the city assessors for tax purposes at between $1,250,000 and $1,500,000. Two years went by and the property remained unoccupied. Then, on January 5 of this year, the following two-column display advertisement appeared on page 22N of the business section of the New York *Times*.

MANUFACTURERS CAN CUT OVERHEAD

Save 60 per cent to 80 per cent on rent; 50 per cent to 25 per cent on insurance; *15 per cent to 25 per cent on direct labor* [italics mine]. Several New York and Brooklyn manufacturers have recently moved their plants to Lawrence where these savings are possible. Modern buildings with private sidetracks. Skilled and experienced labor. Low power rates. Send letterhead for full information. Department D, Lawrence Factories, Inc., Lawrence, Mass.

Inquiry revealed that when the advertisement was inserted the Lawrence Factories, Inc., had acquired a new president in the person of Isidor Goldberg, president of the Pilot Radio and Tube Corporation, Brooklyn, New York. The other officers included Albert V. Sadacca and his brother, Henri, who are associated with Mr. Goldberg in his various radio and electrical manufacturing enterprises. The Goldberg interests had acquired title to the Everett Mills through the Lawrence Factories, Inc., for the surprising price of $300,000 and the assessed tax valuation was conveniently lowered by the city authorities to less than a quarter of its former $1,250,000.

The Goldberg concern had decided to move its radio and electrical industries to the Everett Mills. But it could not hope to fill the great factory space and so thought to persuade others. Before making the decision Mr. Goldberg had sent Albert Sadacca to canvass the situation carefully. Mr. Sadacca had conferred at length with officials of the Department of Labor and the Minimum Wage Commission. A few months afterward, at a meeting of the Lawrence Industrial Bureau, Mr. Sadacca, after outlining the Goldberg plans for moving to Lawrence, is quoted as having frankly stated that he had received assurance from the Minimum Wage Commission that he would not have to bother with wage laws for two years at least. William G. Powell, executive secretary of the bureau, corroborated Mr. Sadacca's statement at the same meeting. It was after this meeting that the advertisement appeared in New York offering a saving on direct labor costs of 15 to 25 per cent as an inducement to manufacturers to locate in Lawrence.

Robert J. Watt, thirty-six-year-old vice-president of the Massachusetts branch of the A. F. of L., and for the past six years president of the Lawrence Central Labor Union, was present at the meeting of the Industrial Bureau at which Mr. Sadacca made his boast. Backed by his Central Labor Union, Watt took the matter up with the Department of Labor and the Minimum Wage Commission. From them he got denials that they had done more than promise Mr. Sadacca "a reasonable time" in which to get his industries started before inspecting under the Minimum Wage Law. From the women and girls employed by the Noma Electric Corporation, the Detroit Radio Products Corporation, and the Tinsel Corporation, which were the first three Goldberg industries to move to the Everett Mills and which started operation early this year, Watt learned that the wages were $7.20 a week, or even lower, although the minimum for women electrical workers in Massachusetts is $12 a week. Under pressure of public discussion by the Lawrence Central Labor Union some of the girls were raised to $10.08.

Meanwhile the Lawrence newspapers groomed their city to be "America's greatest radio-manufacturing center." Front-page stories with large headlines played upon this theme all winter and summer. For variety there appeared at intervals front-page editorial attacks on Mr. Watt and the Central Labor Union.

> It would be most unfortunate [said such an editorial in the Lawrence Sunday *Sun* for March 23, 1930] if some slight deviation from the letter, and not the spirit, of the law should be used as the means by which new industry is discouraged. . . . The future of Lawrence is more vital than a technical point of law. It is hoped that no stumbling-block shall be placed in the way of the progress of Lawrence by those who assume the guardianship of labor.

In an effort to insure an inspection of the new industries in Everett Mills, Mr. Watt, Margaret Wiesman of the Consumers League, and myself interviewed Governor Allen early in the summer. He agreed that no industry

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should be promised immunity from any law. Then he told us to see the Commissioner of Labor and telephoned him in our presence to introduce us. As he put the telephone down he said: "Of course, you know, we've got to allow industries a reasonable time in which to comply with the law." That "reasonable time," never defined, became the burden of our ensuing interviews with the Commissioner of Labor and the Minimum Wage Commission, and this despite the fact that the Goldberg interests had presumably "familiarized" themselves with all the Massachusetts labor laws before deciding to move to Massachusetts.

Last August the commission finally "published" two of the Goldberg concerns as violators of the law, but the paper chosen for the advertisement (which is the only penalty allowed under the law) was the Lawrence Sunday *Leader*, which has the smallest circulation of any in the city and is quite insignificant. Incidentally, the names of the Goldberg concerns published were new ones—the Allan Manufacturing and Electrical Corporation and the Twin Coupler Company, Inc. The names of the concerns seem to change whenever any trouble brews, but the products of all of them go out and are distributed under the labels of the Pilot Radio and Tube Corporation, which thus avoids being mentioned as a labor-law violator. The products are distributed through the Twentieth Century Mail Order Corporation of Chicago, Illinois.

In the face of such conditions in Lawrence, Fall River, and New Bedford—conditions easily discoverable by mere cursory inquiry—the Boston *Herald* had the effrontery to publish on April 22, 1930, an editorial condemning in the most self-righteous terms a letter from a Southern chamber of commerce urging Boston business men to move their factories to a community where wages for women average $12 a week.

When President Watt of the Lawrence Central Labor Union in an open letter called attention to the conditions in Lawrence, the editor declined to publish the letter but made the following editorial explanation on May 9, 1930:

> Some days ago we called attention to a letter sent out by the chamber of commerce of a city outside New England to a Boston business man citing the advantages of that city for the reason that an abundance of cheap labor was available. We expressed the opinion that it was a case of advertising peon wages as a means of enticing our industries to move, and told of our satisfaction that such things were not done by our own chamber of commerce.
>
> Since then our attention has been called to an advertisement in a New York newspaper last January. A corporation in a Massachusetts city was emphasizing the advantages of coming to the plant controlled by that corporation. These advantages included large savings in rents and insurance, and savings of "15 to 25 per cent on direct labor." We were sorry to see this "ad," but it is pertinent to notice that it represented, not the concerted effort of any official body of that city, but the policy of an industrial corporation which had only shortly before obtained possession of a large plant there. . . .
>
> This seems to be an isolated case. No other such advertisements have been called to our attention. We doubt that it represents the permanent advertising policy of the concern in question. The traditional practice in New England is quite different. . . .

The *Herald* has apparently not thought it worth while to check up on the policy of "the concern in question." It would discover that even the "publishing" of two of the Goldberg concerns as law violators has not brought the women's wages up to the minimum of $12. The majority of them were still $10.08 a week or less at the last check-up.

It is to be assumed that the new Democratic State administration as one of its first acts will remove General E. LeRoy Sweetser as Commissioner of Labor. For no State in the Union can show a more shameful anomaly than General Sweetser as head of the Department of Labor, intrusted with the enforcement of laws enacted for the benefit of labor. General Sweetser (general in the Massachusetts National Guard) is the man who, as a colonel in 1912, led the mounted troopers against the strikers in the great Lawrence strike of that year in such brutal attacks that even many conservatives joined with the strike leaders and liberals in labeling him "Cossack." Under him the Department of Labor has deteriorated till it is noted throughout the country for its ineffectiveness. Repeated efforts have been made by delegations of liberals, including such women as Mrs. William Z. Ripley, Mrs. Arthur G. Rotch, and Mrs. Gertrude L. Winslow, to persuade Governors Fuller and Allen to supplant General Sweetser. But Sweetser stays on.

It seems, however, that at least his Minimum Wage Commission—Edward Fisher, representing the public; Herbert P. Wasgatt, representing the employers; and Samuel Ross for labor—may be in for legislative scrutiny this winter. At the instigation of President Watt of the Lawrence Central Labor Union the Massachusetts branch of the A. F. of L. in convention this past summer adopted a broad and bitter resolve calling upon the legislature to investigate the commission. If an investigation is held and is thorough, much of interest will be uncovered, not the least of which will be the attitude of the commissioners toward the law they were appointed to administer. During an interview with them I asked, "Do you believe in the minimum-wage law?" Each vied with the others in expressing his pride that he had never publicly committed himself on that question. Obviously, they do not.

As hard times continue and the conditions of women workers get worse, instead of giving evasive replies to the Consumers League, to Mr. Watt, to the Women's Trade Union League, to Mrs. Ripley, and to the other few individuals and organizations sincerely concerned with the plight of women workers in Massachusetts, the Department of Labor and its Minimum Wage Commission may perhaps be forced to face the issue. The ground was scratched last winter with the brief legislative discussion of the wages paid to Harvard scrubwomen. In his only attempt at reply to the Consumers League on the question of Lawrence, General Sweetser referred to that case. "The object of the minimum-wage law," he wrote, "is in improving wage conditions for the working women and not having them thrown out of work as in the Harvard College case." General Sweetser may be asked why the scrubwomen were allowed to be employed by Harvard for nine years below the minimum-wage rate before anything was done about them and why Harvard never was "published" as a law violator.

In no State will the continuing "liquidation of labor" (especially women) warrant closer study than in Massachusetts this coming winter, for in no State is there greater pretense of progressive labor administration and less reality.

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter arrived in Granada by mistake. From Ronda he had firmly intended to go to Malaga. His ticket was marked Malaga. But unfortunately no one thought it necessary or found it possible to tell him to change trains at Boabadilla. And so it happened that in mid-afternoon, instead of the blue sea stretching toward Africa, he saw white peaks rising in a hot June sky. The breezes of Malaga, cool as fresh grapes, were beyond those high sierras. The Drifter sighed and descended with his bags from the hard seat he had occupied for eight hours. Outside in the station square blazed the same wearing Spanish sun which had beaten down all day upon the white-washed villages and dried-up fields his train had traveled through. Was this the fabled city he had dreamed about? Wearily he selected a carriage and ordered its drooping driver to the Alhambra hill. Through wide streets that had been emptied by the heat the dejected horse barely maintained a half-hearted trot. When finally the carriage turned up a narrow ascending street the trot quieted down to a plodding walk, the clatter ceased, and the sun fell with increasing weight upon a prostrate world.

* * * * *

THEN, suddenly, the Drifter was conscious of an arching gate and a wide dark coolness. He sat up. Ahead lay the broad dim avenue roofed with green that leads to the palaces of the Moors. Behind him the gray stone Gate of the Pomegranates, by which one enters the gardens of the Alhambra, was a black arch filled with solid white light. This contrast between sun and shadow in Spain is always dramatic—no wonder Spanish painters use it so freely and with such exciting effect in their canvases.

* * * * *

ALHAMBRA HILL is a quiet hill. Birds fly and sing, a carriage or an automobile goes slowly up or down the long slope. Sometimes a cock's crow strays in from the prosaic world outside. But there is never anything that quite drowns out the one pervading music of the place—the sound of water. The Moors, no doubt from long experience with deserts, loved running water. It is a common saying in Spain that where the Moors settled, there will be found plenty of good water. The citizens of Granada still use the drainage systems which the Moors installed 500 years ago. And in the palaces and gardens of the Alhambra one never loses the sound of splashing streams. Each room and terrace and court has its fountain, fed by a network of streams under and above ground. This flowing water is the life of the place—an evidence of continuity. Without it the Alhambra would be a mass of dead ruins, the Moors as unreal as Isabella and her court, who stayed long after the Moors were gone. There is in particular one stone stairway for which the Drifter is forever grateful to the infidels from Morocco. It is a wide, gently sloping staircase, completely shaded by over-arching trees, which leads from the highest to the lowest terrace in the informal gardens of the Generalife, the summer palace. Stone banisters perhaps four feet high run the entire length of the stairs, curving outward to inclose the three round landings. So far it is an ordinary stairway. But the Moors made it their own. On each landing, of course, a fountain plays. And along the top of each banister in half-tiling open at the top runs a stream of fresh water which flows down the inclines, almost splashing over as it turns to follow the curves of the landings, to disappear finally underground at the foot of the staircase. How many Moors on hot days have dabbled their fingers in the cool rushing water those worn tiles have held?

* * * * *

GRANADA'S spell was hard to break. Deliberately to leave its quiet and inclosed existence seemed worse than foolish. But one morning the Drifter came away half-heartedly. The red towers glowed in the early sun, and as he watched them disappear the Drifter sighed a sigh for Boabdil the Unlucky, the Moorish king to whose lot it fell to hand over the keys of his beloved Alhambra to that determined and self-righteous queen, Isabella. He remembered the words of Charles V, who, upon seeing the Alhambra and thinking no doubt of his grandmother's triumph, had the unaccustomed grace to exclaim, "Unhappy he, who lost all this!"

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Cuba and the World Court

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial on the World Court in the issue of October 22 you praise Cuba for holding up the new amendments to the court and yet you conclude by attacking the court's political character. It seems to me that the writer of this editorial is completely misinformed as to the nature of the court amendments and of Cuba's objection. The purpose of these amendments was simply to increase the judicial independence of the court, an object which I assume *The Nation* approves. In 1929 the World Court was actually in session for a longer time than was the Supreme Court of the United States. The proposed amendments would recognize this situation by providing that the court should remain permanently in session except during judicial vacations. Judges whose homes are located five days' journey from The Hague would be entitled, in addition, to six months' leave every three years. No judge should engage in any other occupation of a professional nature (a rule followed in the United States and every other advanced country) and should be paid about $18,000 a year—which is lower than the salary of some New York State judges. Cuba did not attack these amendments for any altruistic reason, but simply to enable the present Cuban judge to retain his position on the court and at the same time carry on a lucrative practice in Havana.

New York, October 27 RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

[It is unquestionably true that Judge de Bustamente's personal interests were in accordance with the objections which Cuba raised. That, however, does not weaken the intrinsic force of the objections.

The Cuban position still seems to us unchallengeable. The constitutional objection to the adoption of treaties by silence stands alone. The rest of the provisions, however—for permanent sessions, constant attendance, abandonment of all (not only international) engagements—serve just one purpose, namely, to justify an increase in the salaries of the judges. Un-

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doubtedly, Judge de Bustamente's personal desire not to spend a full year at The Hague, mainly twiddling his thumbs and abandoning all his Cuban engagements, had much to do with those two objections; but they were justified from the point of view of any other busy and able man, and particularly one on the American continent.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

What's Wrong with *The Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You ask me why I have decided not to renew my subscription to *The Nation*. Seriously, my main objection to *The Nation* is that in its editorial policy it is rather too gentle—rather too optimistic. *The Nation,* it seems to me, is too easily put off its track by factitious promises, by empty though pleasing words.

While I hesitate to illustrate, because illustration becomes entangled with personal views to obscure the point, still such a paragraph as that on page 541 of the issue of November 19 is a good illustration. The paragraph describes "a frontal attack upon the evils of Jim Crowism" (by talk) and ends with "such a campaign must be of inestimable benefit toward the desirable end of improving the status of the Negro in this country." It seems to me perfectly clear that such a campaign will not be of the slightest benefit toward that end. Again, the first editorial begins, "Progressives and liberals may take heart from the great protest registered by the voters of the country on November 4." I have, oh, so many doubts that any protest was registered at all, and even more that if any was, liberals and progressives have anything to take heart from. *The Nation,* I think, should sprinkle a little more of what is erroneously called cynicism into its pages.

Still, *The Nation* is a fairly good magazine. Its so-called feature articles are dull, but even the best of the weekly magazines does not seem to be able to avoid these desiccated discussions of nothing in particular. I should like to commend the book reviews, which, I believe, are the best to be found in any weekly magazine.

I still think *The Nation* is a good magazine to buy once a month, perhaps, but for reading every week give me rather less sweetness and light.

Brooklyn, November 15 A. NORMAN KEMPTON

Smash This One

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Please make war on the proposal to increase the rate of letter postage under the untruthful pretense that this is simply charging what the service is worth. Letters are already paying all the service is worth. The increase is not to pay the cost of carrying letters but to pay the cost of carrying other mail at lower rates. Since the government lays a prohibitive tax on any competitor in the letter-carrying business, so that the sender of a letter has no option but to use the post office, an increase in the rate of letter postage becomes a compulsory tax on the business of letter-writing. It should be obvious that a tax on letter-writing is a bad tax, and that it is no more justified for the purpose of carrying somebody else's mail of a different nature than it would be justified in order to pay the expense of enforcing prohibition or enlarging the Weather Bureau.

Better taxes can be found. Smash this one.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballard Vale, Mass., November 13

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HOLIDAY BOOK SECTION

The Nation

Vol. CXXXI, No. 3413 Wednesday, December 3, 1930

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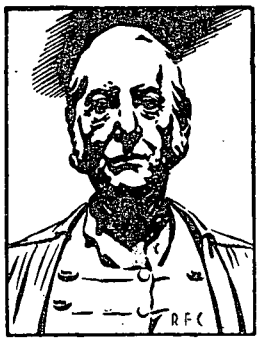

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Holiday Book Section

Standards (Loud Cheers)

By HENRY HAZLITT

IT is not possible to read much critical literature nowadays without coming again and again upon the impressive word Standards. The word appears perhaps most frequently in the writings of Irving Babbitt and his followers; Norman Foerster, for example, gave his latest book the ringing title, "Toward Standards." But the use of the word in this sense is by no means confined to the new humanists; it long antedated their appearance, and one finds it frequently today in the pronouncements of many of the emerging youngsters and of seasoned critics like Henry Seidel Canby.

Yet the word has always bothered me, for the writers who employ it most frequently almost never pause to define it; they merely bemoan the absence of Standards, and imply that if these existed our criticism would be rescued from its present intolerable chaos. It is obvious, in brief, that the word is nearly always used by critics with the intention of invoking sentiment, and that this usage must be sharply distinguished from that in any simple indicative sense. The distinction between these two meanings of "standards" is almost precisely the same as that between the two meanings of "reality" so amusingly drawn by A. S. Eddington in "The Nature of the Physical World." The purely scientific use of "reality," he finds, need give the scientist little difficulty, but its traditional metaphysical use is surrounded by a celestial halo. He quotes a parliamentary report to illustrate this peculiar connotation: "The right honorable speaker went on to declare that the concord and amity for which he had unceasingly striven had now become a reality (loud cheers)." The conception which it is so troublesome to apprehend, remarks Eddington, is not "reality" but "reality (loud cheers)."

Now the troublesome conception in literature is not "standards" but "standards (loud cheers)." If we use the word in its simple indicative sense, it is obvious that the charge that a given critic or group of critics has no standards is never true. A critic's standards may be low, they may shift with every book he writes about or even in the course of a single review, but standards, in the sense of implied comparisons, he must have. If a play reviewer on one of the dailies remarks that a play is good, he probably means that it is better than the average play of the season; if he remarks that it is excellent, he may mean that it is one of the five or six best of the season; if he pronounces it superb, he may mean that it is the best of the season. Such standards are not high, but they are sensible, and all that is necessary is that we have a clear idea of just what standard is implied in the reviewer's judgment. "Once in a Lifetime" may be obviously trivial and ephemeral when compared with the comedies of Molière or Shakespeare, but that is a poor reason for reproving the reviewers who praised it. The relevant question is how it compares with other modern comedies playing for the theatergoer of today.

The standards that we apply to any dramatic or literary work, in short, must be relative to the pretensions of that work and to the purpose of our criticism. There are an increasing number of critics who imagine that the higher they place their standards the better their criticism will be; but such lofty standards, applied inappropriately, may lead to deplorable results. Achievement is rare in proportion as it is high, and the critic who compares every new dramatic or literary achievement with that of Sophocles or Homer merely dooms himself to condemn everything that appears in his own lifetime. That there are critics who do not shrink from such a course is shown by the enchanting spectacle of Mr. Babbitt and his humanist followers, who disdain everything written in our day except, quite strangely, their own criticism.

The present demand for these exalted standards is in part a hangover from Matthew Arnold and his famous "touchstone." "There can be no more useful help for discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent, and can therefore do us most good," he wrote, "than to have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry." The possible results of such a standard are not difficult to imagine. The more original new poetry is, the less it is likely to bear any superficial resemblance to old poetry, and therefore the more likely the touchstones are to condemn it. Even if the test were final, it might tell us whether poetry was of the first class or not—that is, whether it belonged with Homer and Dante—but not whether it belonged to the second, third, or fourth class. Unfortunately, it is with these more modest orders of merit that the critic dealing with contemporary work is nearly always obliged to concern himself. For the critic of contemporary letters, even if he lives in a creative age, is necessarily occupied for the most part with what (from the standpoint of eternity) must be classed as second-, third-, and fourth-rate work. If he is a certain type of prig he may, recognizing this, dismiss contemporary writing as beneath his notice. Wishing to place his superiority and high taste above suspicion he may, like Paul Elmer More, devote himself to praising Homer and a few other of the worthy dead whose reputations are safely established, and then lump all the creative work of his own time in a general contempt that finds it pointless to draw distinctions. But he may discover in time that Homer can get along without his praise; and he may even come to perceive, when he inconsistently turns to the present (as he sometimes will), that he has not learned how to tell his first-rate contemporaries from the second-raters, and that he has been directing his anger mainly at those creative writers of his own day who have had the impudence to become better known than their fellows.

There is not room here for any thorough discussion of standards, but there is room to point to two cardinal principles that we must keep in mind regarding them. The first is that such standards must concern themselves primarily

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with positive achievements rather than with defects. It is neglect of this principle that has led to so much of the recent ill-natured abuse of the leading figures of the twenties. Jules Lemaître, writing for the Brunetières of his own generation, might have been writing for the Mores and Shafers of ours:

> Ah, my good and eminent professors, good taste, good sense, good order, morality, the ideal—any other decent man of letters could have put those into a book! I could do that much myself if I desired to! But the radiance, the sonorousness, the abounding lyricism, the brilliant profusion of images in the "Contemplations," and the strangeness and plastic perfection of the "Tentation"—these are the things of which Hugo and Flaubert alone were capable. It would have been better had they added good taste and good sense, but, after all, I do not attach so high an importance to what I might possess or acquire like any other.

Our own academic critics insist that they could correct Mr. Dreiser's syntax and elevate Mr. Lewis's point of view, but most of them have not yet got around to the point of perceiving that they could not write "Babbitt" or "An American Tragedy."

The second cardinal principle is that our standards must never be narrow or special and seldom directly applied. Even Matthew Arnold hastened to modify his touchstone suggestion:

> Of course we are not to require this other poetry to resemble them [the lines and expressions of the great masters]; it may be very dissimilar. But if we have any tact we shall find them, when we have lodged them well in our minds, an infallible touchstone for detecting the presence or absence of high poetic quality, and also the degree of this quality, in all other poetry which we may place beside them.

But even with this qualification the advice, as it stands, is bad. Its consistent application would merely breed an unhealthy respect for precedents and traditional patterns. What lies behind this endless search for "standards"—as even Arnold betrays—is the pathetic yearning for infallibility, which, alas, is not to be attained. There is no external or objective "standard" that can raise the judgments of a critic above the limitations of his own knowledge and taste. There is no touchstone that can tell him what he ought to admire if he is afraid to confess what he really does admire. Arnold's test is sound only in the sense that the more a critic knows, the better critic, other things equal, he will be. If he has read the greatest literature of the past he will not be easily taken in by second-rate work in the present. He will have acquired a better *general* sense of what is excellent. But even so, he will be wise if he does not have *specific* "touchstones" in his mind when he approaches fresh work. Otherwise he will stumble into that most common of all critical errors—the denial of one sort of excellence because it is not another. If he assumes that there are in literature rules, standards, or canons arbitrarily set off in a special compartment from the rest of life he will make the mistake of pedants and mandarins. What standards he has should be useful guides, not rigid finalities. All his experience, all his reading, all his knowledge of art, science, society, will enter into his judgment of a book as it enters into his judgment of a man. His standards in literature, in brief, will not be essentially different from his standards in life.

White-Face

By JAMES RORTY

Hard times, hard times, hard times for White-face!
White-face is God's fool, White-face curls accomplished toes around the rolling ball of things as they are.
White-face is sane, White-face is honest, White-face gets fifteen per cent, White-face is caught in the trap of his own miracle.
Too many loaves? Too many fishes? White-face will save us, watch
How his shrewd knout whips the greed of the ravening multitude!
Onward, onward, faster, faster, wheels, wheels, wheels!
The hoop-snake swallows his tail, gentlemen! This engine runs on credit—just one quart of synthetic future, keep moving, you can't stop here!

Once White-face stood with folded arms on the rolling ball called Destiny!
I saw the strange indifferent winds from beyond the world billowing the tent of the greatest show on earth;
I saw White-face fall as the Guard met thundering death on the field of Waterloo.
I saw the great ball roll away and a dozen White-faces scramble to mount it; I heard ten thousand devils shouting,
"White-face is dead! Long live White-face!"

Yesterday White-face bestrode the schoolmaster's globe-map of the world so well they made him President.
White-face, the foot-juggler, in scholar's cap and gown, balancing the rolling ball of history.
The ball bursts into flame. Quick, White-face, put out the fire!
Brave White-face, proud White-face, too proud to fight! . . .
White-face is afraid. White-face can't stop. Faster, faster, force without stint! Ships, guns, soldiers, war, war—war to end war! . . .
White-face in the fool's cap of victory. White-face with death in his eyes and death taking the tall body by inches.
Peace, White-face, peace without victory.

Once White-face was not afraid.
Once White-face rode up to Jerusalem and the great ball rolled joyously before him.
The scribes and the pharisees were afraid; White-face was not afraid.
Lazarus rose, the evil spirits departed, the blind saw;
Who walks in the joined armor of life-and-death, him you cannot crucify.
Who conquers Time, what Caesar shall compass his kingdom?
The Virgin's strange lover, the invisible betrayer, was it not Death who came, that the son of man might live?
Life is the lone and barren tree, death the great bee buzzing in the orange flowers.
Two tides, one ocean; on these waters you must walk, White-face; on this sea none shall perish.

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American Culture Since the Sixties

By MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

THE huge enterprise of Professor Vernon Parrington, all but completed before his sudden death in 1928, was nothing less than the rationalizing of American culture, from its beginnings in the Colonies down to our own Babylonian days. The third and last volume of his history of "The Main Currents in American Thought," treating of the period of 1860-1920, he titled: "The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America."* Significant title—we must return to consider its implications. But first we must do homage to the man who, in the guise of a professor at a Western university, was far from pedantic, and in reality was a vibrant critic, an earnest and outspoken liberal, impatient in the quest of certainties; one who, in the semblance of a compendious textbook, has written for us with passion and eloquence his vision of the broad movements of American thought. Parrington had the gift of epithet: the period that followed the Civil War, for instance, he epitomized as "the collision between a shambling democracy and an ambitious industrialism;" or it was the "buccaneering orgy" of the frontier spirit, a world of "triumphant and unabashed vulgarity." The whole picture of the American scene of that day, with its folk-heroes, its political bosses and business barons, and their great barbecue, he made dramatic and rich through the massing of detail. It is true he classified and catalogued over much the intellectual expressions of the period, for he had absorbed the economic view of history, which had come to be widely accepted here at the beginning of the present century. "The interpretation of our literature since 1860," he wrote, "must be fitted into the broad lines of our national experience and will follow its main development . . ." Fitted, willy-nilly? Such a method has its shortcomings, but it lends a peculiar excellence and freshness to his conclusions. The "Main Currents" is a great, luminous improvement over the unctuous and vacant work of the school of Barrett Wendell.

The era which the last volume of the series treats of he terms "perhaps the most characteristically native, the most American in our total history." It is most fascinating for us because it is the era, precisely, out of which our own machine age sprang; whereas we now feel ourselves almost as far removed from the time of Jefferson as from that of John Milton. Let us observe then, in passing, that the original Fathers of the Republic, certain spokesmen for independence or liberty, a certain Jefferson or Franklin, take on a hue that seems more and more "un-American" with the advancing years.

Parrington's major theme is the industrialization of the States after the Civil War "under the leadership of the middle class," and the rise of a critical attitude toward the ideals and handiwork of that class. The slogan of those stirring times of fifty and sixty years ago always included the essential ideas of preemption, exploitation, progress. Led by such folk-heroes as Grant, Jay Cooke, Drew, Vanderbilt, Jim Fisk, Jay Gould, and statesmen such as Boss Tweed, Senator Cameron, James G. Blaine, the great continent was staked out, adorned with mills and railroads, and saw nearly all its resources made productive. Whether this work of exploitation were best done out of social or privateering motives is still an open question. But it was an immense strenuous labor to be done somehow, by someone; and it was achieved within the span of a few years, with little plan and even less scruple.

Such a revolution in society, from an agrarian-commercial stage to an industrial one, was accompanied by an equally important revolution in our manners and ideas. There was a general abandonment of the briefly flowered individualism and idealism of Channing and Emerson during the New England renascence. There was general abandonment of the Jacksonian equalitarianism. There was muffled, confused struggle and defeat. Like many other modern historians who have groped toward the same view, Parrington perceives a fairly complete break-down of "the traditional individualism," the agrarian democracy that flourished in the early period of the American republic.

Do not think that the triumph of the steam and coal civilization, of the strange, new political usages, passed unopposed. We have in Parrington's story all the testimony of whatever resistance, questioning, or dissent arose during the benighted but Gilded Age. We hear the voices, querulous, protesting, discordant, complacent, or feeble—never strong or clairvoyant—of the divers conflicting factions. There are the sermons from pulpits, the social tracts, the novels, and the preposterous speeches of statesmen. There are quacks and fads, demagogues and plutocrats. But in truth the culture and the criticism of ideas are at a very low ebb; Parrington's material, with which the thought of the time must be illustrated, is poverty-stricken and leads to a want of proportion in his own estimates. This poverty, this low-pressure point of the spirit, occurs at a time which is peopled with titans of industry. The real history is made by them, as Henry Adams pointed out very late in the game in one of his letters from the South Seas; and the real history of the time might be pursued by the veritable historian in the concealed maneuvers of those titans. As Edwin Godkin, the admirable founder of *The Nation*, said, it was in no sense a society "presided over by men of light and learning."

The men of light, we feel—despite Parrington's too generous expositions of them—were a pale company, having only the tiniest weight in the affairs of the age; they pale even further when we contrast them with the vigorous, full-grown personalities who were speaking to Europe at the same period: Spencer, Ruskin, Arnold, Renan, Marx, Tolstoy. Those of them who were survivors of an older order, Walt Whitman and Wendell Phillips, made their protest in libertarian terms that were little heard or no longer understood. The cultivated of New England protested a little, like Lowell, and soon lost faith in democracy. The genteel felt "the nostalgia for culture" and fled to Europe. In the realm of political and social theory, Populists such as Peter Cooper or George W. Curtis sought in vain to stem the resistless tide. And always there is a perpetual

* Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

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confusion of terms, chiefly centering about the notion of democracy. The spokesmen for capital wish to safeguard democracy through injunctions against organized labor. The farmers', the laborers' partisans urge the smashing of the trusts in the name of democracy. For all this, there is a steady decline in the whole program of democracy. In this connection it is interesting to recall the words of Godkin, toward the end of his career: "I am not sanguine about the future of democracy," he said. "I think we shall have a long period of decline . . . and then a recrudescence under some other form of society."

There is little of "critical realism" in the period whose movements Parrington has pictured. It is not till the end that such a spirit makes itself felt. Parrington feels that he went to school in "a great age of liberalism," when profitless romance had been put away and the method of economic interpretation taken up. His generation came of age in the more constructive early period of Woodrow Wilson's reign; when hope ran strong of a steady amelioration of social ills, of a revival of the democratic effort. We remember the liberal spokesmen of a social-democratic tinge in the years before 1917 and their great defeat in the World War. This story Parrington did not live to tell, although in the fragments of addenda which the publisher has furnished we sense his personal drama.

"Then the war intervened . . ." he writes. "With the cynicism of post-war days the democratic liberalism of 1917 was thrown away like an empty whiskey flask. Clever young men began to make merry over democracy . . ."

He is sympathetic to the naturalistic novels of the twentieth century which have multiplied and prospered; their message may be a negative one, as in Dreiser, but it implies essentially a social criticism. He is in despair, however, at the great numbers of young men who are enchanted by Mr. Mencken of the facile and irresponsible cynicism. And what is one to do with Mr. Sinclair Lewis? What positive ideals does Mr. Lewis have which would be comparable to "the ferment of twenty years ago . . . bent on carrying through the unfulfilled program of democracy?" And in truth, "Babbitt," which easily dominates the last decade of American letters, which set so many thousands of Middle Westerners in motion toward Greenwich Village, is a criticism of a people's morale rather than of social conditions. It is in this quality that its singular truth and usefulness reside.

Even more pathetic is Parrington's final bewilderment as he considers the still younger members of the post-war generation: "youthful poseurs at the mercy of undigested reactions to Nietzsche, Butler, dadaism, vorticism, socialism, overbalanced by changes in American critical and creative standards, and in love with copious vocabularies and callow emotions." This is hard; and we must also forgive the incompleteness of the jotted accusation.

The post-war generation has certainly lost its interest in political distinctions and theories. Nothing explains better the abortive nature of present-day liberal efforts. The new generation has perceived democracies as prone to war, and as ruthless in war as despotisms; as incompetent and corrupt in peace. It appears no longer to prize its liberties. It questions whether its life would be less regimented, standardized, oppressive, under a regime of communism than under the capitalism of mass production. It is vain for it to consider a return to lower physical standards of life—"plain living and high thinking"—centered about a church and a rural community, unless it considers also guillotining nine-tenths of its population.

Perhaps we have tended constantly to underestimate the severity of the transition from an agrarian and moderately industrial society to a rigorous mass life and a dominantly urban life. The younger generation has been faced with a more immediate, painful question of adjustment. The sheer problem, for the economic unit, of how to live under the more picturesque and difficult conditions is confronted largely without religious faith, and with little room for the discovery of a collective social faith. All that we may note thus far, in attempted answer to Parrington, is that the post-war generation is primarily interested in its psychology and—do not laugh—in its morals. Its absorption in psychoanalysis is but an indication of such anxiety.

Parrington's concluding words on American liberalism are: "It is a discouraging essay. Yet it is perhaps conceivable that our current philosophy . . . may indeed not prove to be the last word in social philosophy." Certainly, nothing is the last word. But the philosophy of this technological society must be conceived in its own terms.

Prelude

By LEONORA SPEYER

Between town and town,
Beginning to twinkle their windows,
Between field and field stripped brown,
Is a path running into the shadows;
The hills are aware of first frost,
The meadows are lost.

And I say to you,
"Is autumn green too?
For see—
How the lush blades of winter-wheat spring
From fresh-planted furrows;
And hear—
How the sound of the cricket comes quavering
Into the dusk."
And you say to me,
"Where was corn, there is song on the husk,
There is warmth where the small mole burrows."

Between hill and hill,
The west is heaped high on the world's hardy ember,
Somewhere are red leaves burning pungent and somber,
Smelling good;
And a star stretched wide as a bird on the wing,
Flies overhead.

Always I shall remember how you suddenly said,
"What is that? What is that?"—as a light,
Lurking and lambent and white beyond whiteness,
Flamed in the autumn wood;
And we stood, quiet lover and lover,
Watching the moon, like a river,
Flood over and into the night.

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Books

A Master Pedagogue

Charles W. Eliot. By Henry James. The Houghton Mifflin Company. Two volumes. $10.

MR. JAMES pretends very little to that omniscience which, especially in recent years, has been the conceit of biographers as well as of novelists and theologians. He finds, instead, that Eliot was a very curious and mysterious fellow, full of inexplicable talents and equally inexplicable stupidities, and prudently leaves him at that. The man, indeed, can no more be explained scientifically than Harvard itself can be explained: he was a state of mind far more than a body of ideas. What he thought, said, and did, concretely considered, was often irrational and sometimes downright foolish, but taking one day with another his cogitations undoubtedly ran in a salubrious direction, and so it is quite reasonable to put him down as one of the important men of his time. He became, toward the end, something rather more than that: he was invested, if only by living so long, with the occult grandeur of a sage. But even if he had died at fifty he would have been remembered, for he began his life work at thirty-five, and before ten years had come and gone he had left a mark upon American pedagogy which remains brilliantly plain to this day.

Eliot, far more than the Adamses or any of the Cabots and Lowells, was the epitome of New England. He was three-fourths a peasant, but there was also ecclesiastical blood in him, and a sturdily commercial strain. The Puritan faith in pedagogy was strong upon him, and to it was added the scarcely less ardent Puritan faith in money. He believed that, given schooling enough, anything could be done with the young of the human species, and he believed that, given money enough, any amount of schooling was possible. So he proceeded to convert Harvard, for years a feeble academy for the training of preachers, into a university with as many divisions as a railroad or a department store, and to force upon each of them the maximum of pedagogical efficiency. If, in the course of that effort, he produced some monsters of fantastic aspect, and, what is worse, opened the way for the production of even more outlandish ones, then let it be remembered that he also gave the Harvard Medical School its new start and created the Law School out of nothing—two achievements of the first rank, not forgotten now and never to be forgotten so long as learning survives in the Republic.

Mr. James gives a good deal of attention, and quite properly, to Eliot's relations to Daniel C. Gilman, the creator of the Johns Hopkins. Gilman was the elder by three years, and on the whole the more original and daring man. His plan to set up a genuine university in the United States, first formulated in the early seventies, undoubtedly influenced Eliot very greatly, and after the Johns Hopkins was opened the two men remained in close communication and were friendly rivals. But what Gilman did at Baltimore was, after all, much easier than what Eliot did at Cambridge, for he had a clear field to work in, whereas Eliot struggled with a weed lot full of brambles. Moreover, it is not to be forgotten that both men achieved their greatest successes not with their universities as wholes but with their medical schools, and that here Eliot was a leap ahead, for the Johns Hopkins Medical School was not launched until 1893. Gilman was so forceful and (I say it without disrespect) so cunning a man that he swept the Baltimore Babbitts before him, and it was not until after his death that they recovered their faculties, resumed their natural ways of thinking, and reduced the Johns Hopkins to the level of a seminary fit for 100 per cent Americans, with night football, a summer school for schoolma'ams, and a chair of motor troubles. But Eliot, less the Berserker, had to wear out his fellow-Bostonians by slow stages, and more than once they came very near fetching him.

Neither was of much learning, as they themselves defined the term. Gilman, I believe, called himself a geographer, but his contributions to geography, if he ever really made any, were too trivial to be remembered. Eliot, by the same token, was a chemist, and probably one of the most incompetent that the profession has ever seen. He pottered about an amateurish laboratory for a few semesters, but never got enough skill to analyze a sample of gin. Nor was either man a pedagogue, in the ordinary sense. Eliot's pupils rather disliked him, and he seems to have taken little interest in them; as for Gilman, he got rid of his at the very first chance. Both were simply university administrators—high-geared, bold, revolutionary, and immensely competent. They founded the art and mystery of the college president as it is now practiced so magnificently in this happy land. They knew how to attract learned men to their staffs, they knew how to keep those learned men in order—a feat comparable to running Congress or a movie lot—and, most of all, they knew how to get the money to pay them. It was a highly complicated science that they created, and no successor has ever surpassed them at it. In 1890 or thereabout, when Eliot was in full blast at Harvard and Gilman was still supreme at the Johns Hopkins, both universities were stupendous successes, and not even the most arrant pessimist could imagine the sad estate to which they have sunk today.

Eliot's weakness was his deficiency in what may be called general culture. He does not seem to have been much of a reader, and he knew little if anything about what are called the fine arts. He regarded Chaucer about as the Harvard professors of today regard Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis, but he rose above them by admitting, nevertheless, that "The Canterbury Tales" ought to be taught to sophomores. His general tastes, as he revealed them in his frequent speeches and especially in a volume called "The Durable Satisfactions of Life," were healthy and respectable, but scarcely exciting. He indulged himself in advanced thinking only within the confines of his trade; otherwise, he was a good New Englander, and rather inclined to commercial ways of thought. All the same, there was a touch of genius in him. He accomplished things that were beyond ordinary men—even beyond most men of the abler sort. There was a fine resolution in him, and an eagerness for perfection, even though he often defined it ineptly. His tolerance was large and real. He never cherished grudges, and had a shrewd eye for the virtues and uses of his enemies. Somewhat stiff and pedantic in manner, he seldom made men love him, but he almost always made them respect him. If he was not really great, then he was nearly so. Mr. James has made an interesting book about him, and deals with him honestly and sensibly.

H. L. MENCKEN

Divided Souls

Five Masters. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.50.

THOSE who, with growing appreciation, have followed the writings of Mr. Krutch in these columns and elsewhere know that he has at least one of the qualities of the exceptional critic. He possesses a vigorous faculty of objective generalization, an ability to detach himself both from the subordinate details of a work of art and from the momentary effect of it on his own consciousness. Yet, despite its anti-impressionism, his prose is devoid of frigidity or supercili-

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ousness. It is clear, flexible, sober, and tempered with an unobtrusive irony.

Surely this book is his most admirable work and the one which brings into clearest focus the best qualities of his mind. It is far more restrained and logically impregnable than "The Modern Temper" and far freer of current intellectual jargon than his book on Poe. Ostensibly a collection of literary essays dealing with five great novelists, it is actually a careful study of the manner in which five men identified themselves with or transcended the dominant spiritual temper of their times. These men—Boccaccio, Cervantes, Stendhal, Richardson, Proust—broke so radically with the traditions of fiction-writing that their products may justly be called mutations. But these mutations represent more than innovations in the history of novel-writing; they correspond to sweeping changes in the mentality of Europe in general, they crystallize certain social and philosophical dilemmas as no tract or metaphysic has ever crystallized them. It is with the delicate problem of the interaction between these dilemmas and the souls of his five novelists that Mr. Krutch is largely concerned.

Each essay, consequently, becomes, among other things, an examination of a reigning philosophy. Boccaccio is seen as the type-man of the early-Renaissance empirical revolt, of that devaluation of the transcendental which began with the death of Dante. Out of his recognition of himself as a natural man in a natural world came Boccaccio's "Decameron." But like the Italian Renaissance which he summed up, Boccaccio lacked either the courage or the intelligence to carry out the implications of his naturalism—and therein lay his failure. In Cervantes we perceive a far more sophisticated mind, an artist intuitively aware of the limitations, both spiritual and logical, of naturalism. "Don Quixote" becomes a dramatic exposition of the major perplexities of advanced Renaissance thought. These problems—"the dependability of the senses, the reality of the supersensual world, and the power of persistent idealism to create values not originally existing in the world of nature—were present to him in a form not to be solved as simply as they had been solved by either the dogmatic faith of the mediæval Christian or the naive materialism of the Renaissance skeptics."

In direct contrast to the Cervantian cosmos, with its apotheosis of the heroic, stands the bourgeois world of Samuel Richardson—dogmatic, complacently virtuous, the first complete expression of the aspirations of the English shopkeeper. Mr. Krutch's explanation of Richardson's stupendous triumph is conceived in socio-economic terms which would gladden the heart of Mr. Calverton. He is perhaps less convincing in his attempt to prove Richardson, that eighteenth-century Dr. Cadman, a great novelist. Clarissa Harlowe is unquestionably a memorable character, but she is memorable for reasons her creator would indignantly disavow. How far Richardson should be credited with an enjoyment which derives almost entirely from our own sense of irony is surely an open question.

Perhaps because they touch on attitudes which are of personal concern to Mr. Krutch, the Proust and Stendhal essays are by far the most penetrating and finely written. As we should expect from the author of "The Modern Temper," the warped romantic figure of Stendhal comes in for severe handling. In him is seen the entire problem of nineteenth-century egotism, which Mr. Krutch sums up in a single flashing sentence: "The distinguishing mark of Stendhal and his heroes is that they pursue with realistic means a happiness which has illusion as the condition of its existence." Yet his personal antipathy to the Stendhalian approach to life does not blind Mr. Krutch to those tragic sources whence Stendhal drew the inspiration for his magnificent novels, those sources which lay far deeper than the romantic attitude he was never able to actualize.

The discussion of Proust is so closely and sensitively reasoned that no summary can do it justice. With the possible exception of Mr. Wilson's essay it will surely rank as the best approach to Proust that has so far been made by any American critic. It is not merely an examination of Proust's art but an illumination of the basic problem confronting the twentieth-century novelist. By some magic Proust manages to view the modern world intelligently—which is to say, with a skeptical eye—and yet to surround it with those iridescent veils without which a novel is merely a transcript from life. It is this Proustian magic which is the real subject of Mr. Krutch's remarkable essay.

Even more fundamental, perhaps, than his philosophical preoccupations is a psychological one which underlies his entire book. In his discussion of Richardson he endeavors to account for the immense advance of "Clarissa" over "Pamela" and finds that one of the reasons is Richardson's anxious desire to penetrate into that great world which is so ignorantly set down in his first book. This desire worried him and eventually added a new dimension to "Clarissa." Mr. Krutch goes on to say: "That complicated balance of elements which is necessary for good fiction seems usually to have been achieved by the imagination of a writer whose mind was to some extent divided against itself." What Mr. Krutch has done is to track down, in each of his five novelists, the moment when that division, that "complicated balance of elements," was most propitious to successful creation. A critic could set himself no harder task.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

The New India

The Power of India. By Michael Pym. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

The Case for India. By Will Durant. Simon and Schuster. $2.

Reconstructing India. By Edward Thompson. The Dial Press. $4.

Mahatma Gandhi—His Own Story. Edited by C. F. Andrews. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Prophets of the New India. By Romain Rolland. Translated from the French by E. F. Malcolm-Smith. Albert and Charles Boni. $5.

SOMEONE has said that anyone who sits down and reads half a dozen representative books on a given subject will immediately know more about it than any except the specialist with a lifetime of devoted study behind him. This is nonsense. One might as well claim that being familiar with the black dots and their accompanying names on a map gives one real knowledge of a particular country. Yet books, like maps, are useful guides and convenient storehouses of information, and anybody who is interested in India will not find that he has wasted time in reading—preferably in the order given—the five new volumes on India listed above.

Michael Pym supplies an excellent composite picture of the Indian landscape and the divergent types to be met there. "'Considering that I don't understand anything, not even myself, I don't expect to understand India. I'm going to *see* India,'" she explains to a friend before she leaves New York. And see India she does, over a long period of wandering up and down the land, straying into all sorts of odd corners; and with a happy facility that sometimes takes on genuine distinction of style she makes her readers see it, too. Very little escapes her eye, and with her alert and restless mind she investigates everything—from the attitude of a prostitute plying her trade among the rough hillmen of the Afghan border to the Indian conception and understanding of God. What is distilled at the end is Mrs. Pym's appreciation of India's

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spiritual depth—this is "the power of India." After all, it is impossible for her not to attempt to integrate what she has seen.

The book is marred, in my opinion, by only one serious mistake. Belonging to the minority group that dislikes and distrusts Gandhi, she has devoted several pages to a vituperative and contemptuous portrayal of his character as she appraises it. Somewhere in another connection she refers to "the orgy of debunking which is even now proceeding; debunking history, debunking heroism, debunking religion, but never, unhappily, quite debunking oneself." Evidently she, too, has been caught up in the vortex and must needs "debunk" Gandhi. She observes at one point that "everything, in India, depends upon personality. No amount of pomp and show impresses the Indian if the central personality isn't convincing." If one accepts this, how is it, then, that India has so extravagantly rendered homage where she has chosen to withhold it? She concludes the passage just quoted by asserting, "Indians know what you are thinking rather sooner than you do yourself." One is led to wonder whether possibly Gandhi read the mind of his interviewer, and having found himself so many times pilloried by hostile interviewers in the past, simply resigned himself to one more unprovoked attack. In any case, the taste of the chapter can be questioned. It certainly introduces a jarring note.

If one wishes light on the political and economic aspects of the present struggle between England and India, one can gain the illusion of impartial consideration of both sides of the question by reading in conjunction Will Durant's short impassioned plea presenting "The Case for India" and Edward Thompson's longer, carefully documented volume which might have been called, instead of "Reconstructing India," "In Defense of England." In reality, of course, one will accept as authentic whichever view one leans toward temperamentally. Between them, however, one should get a pretty clear idea of how it happens that 27,000 political prisoners, according to the official statement of the Secretary of State for India, Mr. Wedgwood Benn, are in Indian prisons at this moment.

Will Durant spent but a brief six months in the country and acknowledges at the outset that he is poorly equipped to write on India. It was the sickening poverty and the oppression that he met with that stimulated him to indignant protest. "If I write at all it is not only because I feel deeply about India, but because life cannot wait until knowledge is complete. One must speak out and take sides before the fight is over." He throws a spotlight on the chicanery of the territorial conquest of India in the days of the East India Company and in quick, biting sentences makes clear for money-conscious Americans what the subsequent economic exploitation has cost India. He depicts the now familiar horrors of Amritsar and brings the narrative up to date by describing the lathi charges of the police in their attempts to break up demonstrations by Gandhi's followers since the inauguration of civil disobedience. His point of view is that of Nationalist India. Though he makes some effort to be fair to the opposing camp, his verdict is overwhelmingly in favor of India. On the other side of the Atlantic the book will be referred to as another example of mischievous meddling by an outsider in a matter that concerns only Great Britain and India. (But does it?) Perhaps more ex-officials from India will arrive to correct the "utterly erroneous impression" it has created, and we shall be treated to further addresses on the theme of the benefits conferred upon ungrateful, unreasonable, and quarrelsome Indians by the patient sons of Albion. Meanwhile, casting the whole weight of his influence with the side that has enlisted his sympathy, Mr. Durant has done that side a service by presenting its cause—not precisely its case—so clearly in such short compass.

Mr. Thompson, on the other hand, knows India through long residence and intimate personal contact with its people and some of their manifold and intricate problems. Being an Englishman, he also knows England. It must have been exceedingly painful to him to acknowledge, as he has done without equivocation, the stains on the honor of England in the long history of its dealings with India. In discussing whether or not General Dyer "saved" the British Raj by giving his famous order to open fire at Amritsar eleven years ago, he comments briefly, "Few men can have damaged it more in ten minutes." In culling over old records, he has been justified in rescuing from oblivion those examples of able administration, keen intelligence, courage, unswerving devotion to justice, and generous sympathy on the part of British rulers in India that he has come upon. But the times have changed, and changed again, and the trouble, as Mr. Thompson sees it, is that the latter-day Imperialists and Conservatives have been too long in dying. He does not blame the Indians for growing impatient and for losing faith in England, but he would ask them to exercise a little more reasonableness and to accept the only solution that he believes possible as a result of the Round Table Conference—dominion status, with safeguards for British interests. On the whole, the book is well written and is entitled to a place on anybody's five-foot shelf of Indian books. The question remains, Will India be reasonable? Feeling as well as reason governs the destinies of nations as of human beings, and unless England makes her reason coincide with India's feeling, Mr. Thompson's optimism in regard to the probable outcome of the Round Table Conference may prove unwarranted.

We come to the remaining volumes, which take us into another field—the psychological and the spiritual. Gandhi's autobiography has already appeared in India in a longer version and under a better title, "My Experiments with Truth," but it is now made available in the condensed one-volume edition, edited by C. F. Andrews. Incidentally, it is a pity that the publishers have permitted the name to appear as "Ghandi" on the cover of the book.

As autobiography, the work is in a class by itself. It is a document that must inevitably be read by every future historian of India, not because it sheds any great illumination on events that will go to make history, but because it reveals Gandhi himself, the maker of those events. It is Gandhi thinking aloud. It is safe to say, however, that not knowing the end before the beginning, not knowing that it was *Gandhi's* autobiography that was being read, few would read far. The story is too utterly naked, too artless. I think it must be the most honest autobiography ever written! For Gandhi does not try to burnish the halo with which others have endowed him. He drags the reader with him through all his "experiments," painful and otherwise, much as a scientist might make a demonstration before a class. He leaves no mistake unmentioned, glosses over no detail of his life that had personal significance to him in his struggle to go forward on the path toward the goal. It is only when one realizes that Gandhi's ideal of Truth compels him to literal truthfulness that one understands the motive behind his words, and that out of the strange mixture of repelling and appealing fact contained in the story of his life he emerges for us with something of the source of his mysterious power made clear—his devotion to principle.

Romain Rolland's long elaborate study of certain Hindu mystics and religious leaders of the past few decades, chief among them Ramakrishna and his disciple Vivekananda, is a distinguished searching after the most profound spiritual thought of India. If one hopes to grasp what is fundamental in Indian life, one must apprehend the spiritual values that India has stressed through countless centuries. One must also learn something of a different technique from that which we

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are accustomed to use in our ordinary approach to knowledge. Romain Rolland writes as an enthusiast, for which he will be subjected to criticism by certain types of sophisticated intellects, but his enthusiasm springs from the fact that he has come to understand a secret better known in the East than in the West. The West is not accustomed to give with that completeness which spiritual discipleship demands, and it is through spiritual discipleship, India maintains, that spiritual perception is sharpened. One has need to shed many prejudices, to suspend for the time being intellectual judgment, to put oneself in the frame of mind of believing. This is precisely what Romain Rolland has done, and those who read his book should adopt the same attitude as a preliminary to understanding the personalities through whom India's highest thought has been transmitted.

GERTRUDE EMERSON

From the German

The Dance of Youth. By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

A Room in Berlin. By Gunther Birkenfeld. Translated by Eric Sutton. Horace Liveright. $2.

Claudia. By Arnold Zweig. Translated by Eric Sutton. The Viking Press. $2.50.

Success. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. The Viking Press. $3.

IT is too bad that Sudermann's last novel was translated; at least his English-speaking admirers might have been spared this spectacle of disintegration and collapse. There is neither power nor insight in this story of sixteen-year-old Stumpy, whose three love affairs are at once banal and implausible. She moves stiffly across the stage like a manikin, accompanied by the equally unconvincing Gudrun, her sister, and Herbert, her half-brother, both of whom are introduced as representatives of the youth of post-war Germany. Nothing stands out in the novel but the febrile eagerness of a septuagenarian to show how well he understands the younger generation. It has long been recognized that Sudermann's chief weakness was his tendency to become sensational, but it is none the less shocking to find that at the end he abandoned himself so completely to his vices.

Sudermann evidently took a vicarious pleasure in the naughtiness of his young men and women and at the same time enjoyed the sense of superiority that came from iconoclastically maintaining they were not naughty. He could not possibly have achieved the objectivity that gives "A Room in Berlin" such distinction as it has. Gunther Birkenfeld writes about adultery, prostitution, and incest with the calmness of an anthropologist discussing the sex life of the ancient Assyrians. Though his principal theme is like the theme of Jean Cocteau's "Les Enfants Terribles," his method is altogether different. Cocteau probes deeper and deeper into the psychology of the brother and sister of his novel, whereas Birkenfeld limits himself to description, paying, indeed, so little attention to motives and mental states that the acts he describes are not altogether credible. The effect of his objectivity is to shift the emphasis from the characters to their environment, and the reader's chief impression is of the terrible poverty of post-war Berlin. Because of the author's failure to realize his characters, the book is little more than a social document, but as such it is not unimpressive.

Arnold Zweig's "Claudia" is interesting for the insight it gives into the mind and methods of the author of "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," but it also demands attention in its own right. It is a collection of seven short stories rather than, in any strict sense of the word, a novel, but there is a single theme for all the stories. Like Henry James, Zweig is occupied with the kind of problem that can arise only among sophisticated and sensitive people. The quality he studies in most detail is fastidiousness, the dominant trait of his heroine. In order to give his episodes dramatic force he has to make Claudia's dilemmas real, and in order to do that he has to make his readers share her delicate sensibilities and accept her subtle standards. He lets us see Claudia as she sees herself, as her husband sees her, and as her mother sees her. By the time we reach the last episode Claudia's scruples have taken on such significance that we credit and perhaps even share her disgust at her husband's revelation, and her ultimate conquest of her fastidiousness has the effect of some great triumph of the human soul. "Claudia" is, like all such works, a little tenuous, and the illusion of importance Zweig creates is not abiding; but the creation of that illusion is an artistic achievement, and one feels that at least a few facets of human personality have been illumined with absolute clarity.

"Claudia" and "Success" are almost at the two extremes of current practice in the field of the novel. "Success" is a story of post-war Bavaria. More than a hundred characters figure in it, members of the government, leaders of the True Germans, Communists, industrialists, vaudeville entertainers, waitresses, artists. Feuchtwanger has put the whole of Bavaria in his book, representing each section of the populace not with one but with half a dozen characters. He has made a nation his theme.

Magnificently ambitious the book undoubtedly is, and in a sense remarkably successful, for Feuchtwanger, as readers of "Power" know, works well on a large scale. But he has not solved the great problem of such a book; he has found no principle of selection, no basic unity. He has employed three different devices in the attempt to secure unity, and not one of them works. In the first place, he has related every character in some way to the Paul Kruger case, a Bavarian *cause célèbre* with which the book begins and ends; but his interest in the characters for their own sake and his desire to portray a complete society carry him farther and farther from this particular case until it becomes one episode among many. In the second place, he has made "Success" a kind of novel of ideas, a treatise on justice; but the ideas are constantly being set aside in the interest of concrete details, and in the end they seem to be simply so many more details introduced for purposes of documentation. His third device is the weakest of all: from time to time he assumes that he is writing the book ages hence, and to make us realize his assumption he introduces definitions of commonplace terms or descriptions of familiar practices; he apparently hoped that he would thus secure that semblance of unity that distance in time gives to the historical novel, but the method serves only to distract attention, not to focus it, and Feuchtwanger's use of the device is inconsistent and amusingly half-hearted. The material will not hang together, will not take on shape and meaning.

It is interesting to see that Germans as well as Americans are having their difficulties these days. There are novels like "Claudia" that are finished performances, molded into beautiful forms by artistic hands; but such novels have no great vitality, no sweep, no close relationship to the pervasive problems of modern life. Then there are novels that are full of life, intimately related to our daily problems, thrilling in their portrayal of events that affect us all; but they lack form, and that is simply to say they lack meaning. They leave these vital materials in the chaos in which we find them in the daily papers. Indeed, whatever the merit of particular passages in such a novel, the total effect is that of journalism. Cannot the two qualities be reconciled? Proust found one way of doing it, by relating the broad social movements he described to a purely personal standard. One wonders if there is no other way, if

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events have no meaning beyond that which they assume in relation to individual experience. To find more than personal principles or standards to which events can be related seems to be the chief task of the modern novelist, and it is a task that has significance for the future of more than the novel.

GRANVILLE HICKS

The Decade of the Doomed

Some of Us. An Essay in Epitaphs. By James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride and Company. $7.50.

MR. CABELL is amused to find himself in agreement with the "new humanists," or rather to find them in agreement with him. They all agree that American literature of the twenties is doomed to speedy oblivion. But anyone familiar with Mr. Cabell's brand of criticism may be sure that however much he may agree with the new humanists in his conclusions, he will never agree with them in his reasons. He is, for one thing, so incorrigibly romantic in his approach to literary art. And then he is perhaps, of all American critics, the one least liable to be sidetracked by non-aesthetic principles of judgment. His way with the humanists is highly characteristic of his general tactics, his critical finesse. He is not given to direct body blows at whatever seems to him absurd and wrong-headed. Whatever he wishes to demolish he approaches with the most smiling urbanity. In the case of the humanists, his way is to associate himself with them, to declare that they are right, and then to prove them right by totally ignoring their line of argument, by advancing considerations so foreign to their way of thinking that they are made to appear futile and irrelevant.

The humanists think the twenties are doomed because they have no moral backbone—in short, no merit. Mr. Cabell thinks they are doomed simply because readers like novelty and grow tired of an author as soon as they have learned what is the correct thing to say about him. This is a pity as concerns the leading American writers of the twenties, because, after all, they have such considerable merits. Mr. Cabell thinks they have all been sufficiently praised; he doesn't want to give the impression that he regards any of them as particularly important in the perspective of the centuries; still less does he wish to bore us by saying over again the obvious things that have so often been said of them. But he considers, for example, that Elinor Wylie has considerable distinction in "that minor romance over which one is tempted to say the moon presides." He ventures to remind his forgetful readers of the vivid figures evoked by Joseph Hergesheimer from periods sufficiently remote from ours so that we may suppose them to have been gallant and amusing. In Dreiser and Anderson he finds some merit over and above that of having roused the Watch and Ward societies. "Here also is honesty; here is frankness; here is human tolerance: and these three one respects perforce." He finds something to say for Frances Newman and Ellen Glasgow. He finds a good deal to say for Mencken, "whose gravest literary offenses have been his admirers." A great merit of Mencken is that, unlike his admirers, he has avoided the error of taking his own notions quite seriously. Mr. Cabell believes that if the world were destroyed and Mencken had, like God, to fashion things anew to suit his fancy, he would create the same identical world he has spent his days lampooning. "He would need Congressmen and Rotarians and ecclesiastics as an ogre needs food." By the same token he would need ever more new humanists. Here for an instant Mr. Cabell shows the cloven hoof. But the epithets with which he proceeds to characterize the academic critics are all taken from the *American Mercury,* so that he has the ventriloquist's pleasure of making the abusive words come from the lips of his dummy. Mr. Cabell is most surprising in what he has to say for Sinclair Lewis. Here again he manages to take a position of his own, and praises Lewis not for his realism but for his grotesque imagination. His famous characters he calls goblins, and their nearest congeners are the amusing monsters who people the American scene in "Martin Chuzzlewit." One of them, at least, will escape oblivion and outlive his decade, for George Follansbee Babbitt of Zenith City is on the way to become a myth and take his place in the literary consciousness of the race along with Don Juan and Mrs. Grundy and the brown god Pan.

The great common merit of the leading writers of the decade, according to Mr. Cabell, is that they were individualists, and as such in rebellion against the prevailing tendency in American life to force us all into the same pattern. This tendency, which received such an impetus during the war, has been growing stronger and stronger ever since, and it is this which has brought into such prominence the academic school of Decorum. This is at bottom no other than the discipline of Zenith City, to whose dictates Babbitt made, in the end, abject submission, convinced that the only way to get along in this world is to do in everything that which is expected of us. That may be a good rule for the conduct of life, but there is no use trying to carry it over into literature. It would be to miss "the main fact about literature—that great books are not written by rule, but by men of genius." And so it is, by the most amusing series of tactical evolutions—retreats, evasions, elaborate flanking movements—that this champion of humane letters has put to rout the enemy and left the beleaguered twenties in virtual possession of the field. That in all these operations his progress was lighted with the genial flares of imagination and wit no one could doubt who had seen him at work in "Beyond Life"—the rare and accomplished critical essay that so auspiciously ushered in the decade of the doomed.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

Technological Politics

The American Leviathan. By Charles A. Beard and William Beard. The Macmillan Company. $5.

THIS 800-page volume by Professor Beard and his son naturally suggests comparison with Bryce's "American Commonwealth," notwithstanding that important differences in subject matter distinguish the two books. A good deal of what is descriptive in Bryce's work, of course, is now incomplete or out of date, for the last revision was published twenty years ago, and the interval has seen a very great extension of the federal activities of the American government and marked changes in the relations between the nation and the States. The Beards' book, on the other hand, is as nearly up to the minute as the conditions of printing allow. Bryce accompanied his description of the governmental machinery with a wealth of leisurely but penetrating comment on the history and significance of our political arrangements, and paused again and again to compare American institutions with those of other countries. The Beards are chary of philosophical reflection, cut down the history in most cases to the merest outline, and devote themselves mainly to cataloguing the long list of government operations with summary descriptions of the various parts. The result in their case is a book which, while of high value and unique practical usefulness as an up-to-date explanation of what the federal government does, seems in comparison with Bryce's sweeping and philosophical survey pervadingly formal and unexpectedly dry.

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thesis of the book is exceptionally interesting and important. "This volume," the preface announces, "is the result of an effort to unite politics, government, and technology as reflected in the federal system of the United States, with emphasis on the newer functions created under the pressures of the machine age." Government, we are later reminded, is "a cultural complex, not a machine." The technological revolution "has emphasized as never before the role of government as a stabilizer of civilization," given a high complexity to the environment in which government functions, multiplied its tasks, and brought it into "daily contact with all industries, sciences, and arts." "Historic morals and common sense" are no longer a sufficient equipment for most government duties. Nevertheless, although technology has introduced the scientific method it has not made "a single important contribution to the philosophy of government," and the problem of democracy is as yet unsolved. There still remains the necessity of regarding the opinions of the multitude and also those of classes and groups—a necessity which the Beards suggest may be met by adopting the proposal of Walter Lippmann for "a frank recognition of the nature and role of private associations in government."

All this, of course, is good social philosophy and good political science with those who accept the technological point of view, and its application relegates to history a good many of the constitutional and political considerations which have been prominent in the study of American government hitherto. Neither Hamilton nor Jefferson remains quite as important as a political philosopher as each has been held to be, and the scientist or administrator disputes rank with the jurist. As a criterion of public conduct, on the other hand, the theory cannot be regarded as entirely closed to debate, and the Beards, in championing it, had before them a capital opportunity not only to illuminate the theory by a masterly survey of the varied list of things which the American government undertakes to do, but also to consider whether, from the standpoint of the kind of citizen needed to make democratic government successful, the government has not been led to undertake too much; whether, to take a current example, the business depression from which the country is suffering might not be more readily dispelled if Washington would let business alone for a time instead of meddling and prodding as it does.

The treatment of the matter by the Beards is certainly both masterly and illuminating, but it is not conspicuously so save in the wealth of information that is displayed and the thoroughness with which the technological activities of the government are traced. In comparison with Bryce the book appears as an elaborate and able piece of special pleading, replete with supporting arguments in the form of illustrations but curiously slight in its critical evaluation of the contemporary trend. It offers the last word in modernity but spares little space for telling us how we came to be this way. Even the general reader, for whom the book is specially intended, will not fail to note the small attention given to constitutional questions, and he will be likely to feel that politics, in the sense of parties, issues, and elections, have been heavily subordinated to administration, science, and "business." Doubtless they are so subordinated in the mind of the technologist, and in any age of technology the administrator, the scientist, and the business man are entitled to their day in court, but a little cross-examination into the cultural significance of their claims would not have been amiss.

Perhaps it is their absorption in the technological program that has led the authors to avoid committing themselves on a number of matters regarding which Professor Beard in particular might have been expected to speak out. The case of Rosika Schwimmer is recounted with no stricture upon the extraordinary position taken by the Supreme Court and vigorously traversed by Associate Justice Holmes; the rejection of

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[r. Hoover's nomination of Judge Parker evokes no comment; :nator Norris's proposal for getting rid of the "lame-duck" ssion of Congress is not referred to, and the anomalous con-itutional provision itself is merely described; the Federal arm Board is spared a critical evisceration of its policy; the ntrol exercised by the State Department over foreign ans gets only a noncommittal paragraph, and while a few of ie pros and cons of prohibition are sedately balanced the solu-on of the problem (the authors do not make it quite clear iat there can be any) is shunted to the future.

Given the limitations of its outlook, however, the general ibstance of the book calls only for praise. Strength and nov-ty are most in evidence, of course, at the points at which the ientific or business operations of the government have been nlarged to enable it to cope with technological change—the udget and banking systems, motor transportation, pipe lines, viation, radio and wire communication, promotion of business nterprise, labor and immigration, agricultural aid, conserva-on, and so on—but the chapters dealing with the constitu-onal framework of the government, federal relations with the tates, and the conduct of foreign relations are as satisfactory s such brief summaries are likely to be. A novel feature of he copious bibliography is a classified list of motion-picture lms useful for the study of government; for the news reel as vell as the government document now carries the technological esson.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Miss Macaulay's Laughter

Staying with Relations. By Rose Macaulay. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

LIKE all wits, Miss Macaulay will, if the occasion arises, sacrifice pity, justice, honor, and the interests of her plot, so she may wield her shaft of lightning and kill with it a edious person or a tedious thought. In her present novel she sees the world through the eyes of a young lady novelist who has nen and women conveniently catalogued as types—the Domes-ic Type, the Harlot, the Mother, the Dilettante. Turned oose unexpectedly among a group of her relations—and in a Central American jungle, at that—the novelist has a splendid opportunity to observe, deduce, and classify. And when her types are all pigeonholed neatly, with the appropriate labels, up steps Miss Macaulay and shows that everything is something other, things are not what they seem, the cool, languid woman who looked for all the world like a perpetual mistress is willing to marry a widower with five children because she has such a passion for maternity. And so on.

This, of course, is not the stuff of which great novels are made. Its pattern—that every person in the novel must turn out to be directly opposite from what too hasty observation declared him—becomes a little tiresome. It would be unbear-able without Miss Macaulay, who is present at all the autop-sies, and while she dissects the corpse convulses her audience with her comments. And, to pursue the metaphor perhaps un-duly, her weapon is of the finest-tempered steel; it is handled delicately, with precision, without mercy. It would draw blood, except that, after all, this is only a cadaver and not living flesh before us. A young American girl in the novel is lost for a night and a day in the wilds of the Guatemalan forest. She is beautiful, she is distrait, she thinks her husband does not love her, as indeed he does not, she is twenty-one. Through a ter-rific thunderstorm she plunges into the heart of the jungle. Wild lightning illuminates the fearful vegetation—the poison vines, the looped creepers, the monstrous trees. There are animals—their frightened eyes are lit for her by the lightning—they creep beside her, they threaten to drop on her, they shriek,

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they roar, they hiss. A truly fearful situation. Miss Macaula makes it fearful, she remembers the insects that will bite, th sun next day that will burn, the roots that will trip up ou lost young lady. But when a rescue is at last effected, whe Isie is restored to her mother's arms, when she is safely quar reling with her husband once more, a glass or so of hot mill and a night's sleep make her as good as new. It is as if he creator said: You thought this was tragedy; your heart wa wrung for this poor stumbling creature. But it is only farce Even jungle terrors cannot make life into anything else.

And this, probably, is the source and the secret of Mis Macaulay's power. She is a wit, she will have her laugh o her wry smile, but underneath the jesting lies a profound pes simism. Her characters dismiss restrictions of time and space family obligations, the demands of friendship, the compulsion of love with a laugh or a shrug of the shoulders. But it i because they believe that these things, like the fearsome jungle have no permanent influence on the human spirit, which pursues its stupid or idle or vain or unseeing way according to some caprice imposed from within or without. This, they say, is a world which has no meaning, no order, no sense. Let us laugh at it. And Miss Macaulay laughs and her readers laugh, and, if the world is stupid, while the laughter goes on it does not matter in the least. DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Vergil the Innovator

Vergil's Primitive Italy. By Catharine Saunders. Oxford University Press. $3.

VERGIL had a way of starting things. Some of his experiments failed; some succeeded to the point of shaping literary conventions that have since grown tyrannical. In his school days he broke away from his professors and from religious orthodoxy with considerable vigor. With an enthusiastic disregard for logic he adopted a grim philosophy that appealed to his imagination. In the "Ciris," which he never published, he toyed with romanticism and the sentimental pretinesses so popular in his youth, but gave them up after he had learned what they could teach him. Then he tried his hand at smart epigrams and realistic miniature work, but with little satisfaction. Finding a temporary home near Naples, in a milieu that suggested a favorable soil for Sicilian pastorals, he undertook to Italianize Theocritus. Gifted with a musical line, a keen eye for landscape, a generous nature condimented with good sense, he shaped, after some mediocre attempts, allegorical pastorals that breathe the very atmosphere of Campania, but the reader must go to Campania—at least in spirit—to enjoy them.

Even to Vergil, a Transpadane, the "Eclogues" must have seemed too packed with cunning, and so he went on to new experiments. His sense of artistic integrity grew stronger with years. His love of the earth and what it created held him long; but in the "Georgics" the old temptation to personalize and to yield to preciosity appears less and less frequently. He now sought poetry in revealed nature, not too artfully selected and seldom adorned, and in a heterodox gospel of work that he had found in himself.

The whole of the "Aeneid" was a book of daring experiments. Here Vergil resolutely turned his back upon the narrative methods that had prevailed up to that time: the method of telling that progressed by way of suggestion, allusions, half-statements, omissions, hesitations, and retarding descriptions. He felt that he had a story of significance to tell and he would tell it naturally and completely and trust to the integrity of his narrative to carry it. In the year 30 B.C., that was itself a courageous innovation.

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He determined also to avoid the extraneous tricks of style at all his teachers of rhetoric had lectured into him—the opes and adornments, the lingering rhythm of the *novi poetae*, e purple patches, the far-sought rhetorical balances and start- ıg anaphoras, and above all the assumed carelessness of dic- ɔn and meter that had been employed to produce an air of ontaneity. His ear for music, for fitting sound, for thematic ythm, for appropriate and adequate diction resented such ifts. His own directness of style surprised the critics into ɔuse. They said that the poet was trying to put over a new ick; of writing without artistry.

The epic was also an experiment in characterization. The ıxtaposition of Carthage and Rome suggested the tragedy of ido and Aeneas. Literary critics were prepared for a tragedy ɛe that of the fourth book: it had been done before; but no ıe in literature had yet attempted an adequate exposition of ıe antecedent romance. In Vergil's predecessors a casual ance or a love philter was still the indolent device used to ɛcount for the entanglement, and that was readily disposed of half a dozen lines. Vergil gives us three books before the ɔnsummation of the fourth, two thousand lines of compelling tuations that make the end plausible. The modern reader who nows all the post-Vergilian romances may discover some sim- licity in Vergil's method, but he ought at least to remember ıat it is Vergil who first saw the necessity of engaging all the uman instincts and emotions through sight, dialogue, and fancy efore romance could be compelling enough to make tragedy ıevitable. In the slow wrenching of literature away from set ɔnvention there is no innovation more significant than this one f Vergil's, unless it be Catullus's idiomatic paraphrase of appho that forms the starting-point of the modern romantic ɣric.

Professor Saunders's book also deals with one of Vergil's xperiments in poetic integrity. It is an old story that the Aeneid" is a national epic. In his "Georgics" Vergil had for he first time extended the scope of Roman patriotism over the ɣhole of Italy, and that, too, at a time when Rome's aristocracy ɣould see no virtue beyond the city walls. Vergil's compatriots ıcluded the millions from the Alps to Sicily: the Samnites and abines, the Greeks and Etruscans and Celts, whom Rome had ubdued. The famous encomium on Italy in the second Georgics" must have startled many at Rome, but it prepared ıen for the "Aeneid."

In his "Aeneid" Vergil shows no mercy for the old concep- ion of a hero concerned merely with the affairs of Rome. He nvolved in the national wars of Aeneas the cities of the whole f Italy. And to justify his plan he delved deep in the legends nd studied with care the antiquities of a dozen towns in order o ferret out, as far as possible, their oldest associations with ome.

Moreover, in his unusual antiquarian research he was the irst of the ancients to feel strongly that an honest epic of a ast day must give the tone and color of its own time. He lid not acquire pedantic details for their own sake—they never ɔbtrude; he even felt free to add splendor to old ruins when he ıeeded a massive array of troops; but he was aware of time, ıe had read history with intelligence, and as an Epicurean he ıad learned the meaning of the word "progress." He deliber- ıtely observed the oldest Italian temples with their stores of usty votive offerings of arms, plate, and primitive art in order he better to create a plausible environment for his heroes. This is a detail of Vergil's conscientiousness that only archaeolo- gists have guessed, but to Vergil's contemporaries it must have nattered immensely that he lifted their fancies into an age of romance of which they had here and there a few scanty re- minders.

Professor Saunders has done a very useful piece of work in pointing out what is actually known of that very ancient Italy

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TENNEY FRANK

Novel Within Novel

The Man from Limbo. By Guy Endore. Farrar and Rin hart. $2.

SINCE "literary generations" seem to be growing short every year, we are already on the lookout for the youn men who will take the place now held by the post-wa expatriates. Guy Endore in his first novel is a striking examp of an early step away from the hard-boiled manner. This not to say that his work is soft or emotional; on the contrar his prose has a hard, clean surface and he has written wha may be taken as an autobiographical study with an exceller display of level-headed detachment. As a novel of ideas an obsessions, Mr. Endore's "The Man from Limbo" is extra ordinarily frank, yet there are no self-consciously post-war a titudes struck, nor is any effort made to exploit a "younger generation" confessional.

Harry Kling, the man from limbo, was afraid to leav college. The world of reality that he had known was a night mare created out of tenement hallways and dingy East Sid tailor-shops. Extreme poverty, bedbugs, and cockroaches wer a part of that world; the only possible escape for him was dream of an American heaven composed of tiled bathrooms bodily cleanliness, and millions of dollars. Invent somethin and get rich overnight, or sinking deeper into the glorious drean world, conceive a mysterious and fabulously wealthy relativ who would die, leaving you, Harry Kling, his heir, a fleet o motor cars and the eternal, omnipresent white-tiled bathrooms The nightmare, however, was not to be put aside so easily Bedbugs followed from rooming-house to rooming-house, an the job, upon leaving college, was that of a hack in the offic of a fourth-rate technical magazine. An elaborate cultura education was a handicap, providing merely another entranc into a dream world.

Even the job, bad as it was, petered out. Kling hated the sight of his work and encouraged his boss to waste time telling him how vast fortunes were made by chance investments. He was driven back to his rooming-house to write a biography of a boy whom he had seen at a drinking party and who died—Kling did not even know the circumstances of his death. Redland, the dead boy, was a means of escape. Kling proceeded on his way into the story. At this point Mr. Endore revives a favorite device of the eighteenth-century novelist, the novel within a novel. We are propelled into a story of a hunt for buried treasure; a phantom of great wealth is created in an atmosphere as fantastic as the remarkable backgrounds conceived by Fitz-James O'Brien. The treasure hunt begun by the mythological ancestors of a mythological Redland develops into the biography of a poor boy obsessed by the thought of a fortune in platinum buried somewhere on the island of Martinique. Almost before we realize it, Redland has been converted into Kling himself, living in a squalid rooming-house, holding distasteful jobs, and dodging into subway entrances.

All of this makes for a novel of ideas in which an element of suspense is maintained until we have reached the last page of the narrative. Mr. Endore flatters his readers by telling his story of vicarious adventure with no little show of intelligence and dispatch.

HORACE GREGORY

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An American History

he Growth of the American Republic. By Samuel Eliot Morison and Henry Steele Commager. Oxford University Press. $6.

THIS excellent volume of 950 pages is to a considerable extent a revision of Professor Morison's "Oxford History of the United States," which appeared in 1927, and hich, it may be noted, contained only 140 pages more than this :wer work although it was in two volumes. The revision,)wever, has been very extensive, and the beginning of the story is now been thrown back to 1760 instead of only to 1783. :ow old is the United States? seems to be as indeterminate of iswer as How old is Ann? At present the colonial period :ems to be suffering an eclipse in public interest, but it is hard) understand America without it, and the reader is helped conderably by getting back even to 1760. Both works end "in the nall hours" of April 6, 1917, so there is nothing of the war or ie immensely important decade and more since. There can be ttle quarrel, however, with limits deliberately set, and within iese this book is an immense improvement over the earlier one.

There has never been any question as to Dr. Morison's :holarship within his chosen field, nor as to his possessing a ood and extremely entertaining style. Dr. Commager's style do not know, but the new book is quite in that of Morison, /hich means that it holds interest from start to finish. It is ot worth while to try to pick out the strands of each author as hough they were Elizabethan dramatists, and the contribution /hich Dr. Commager has made seems clear enough. It has een a very valuable one. Although there was much to praise a the "Oxford History," as in everything that comes from Morison, there were two qualities in that book which prevented ne joining in the whole-hearted praise generally accorded it.)ne was a lack of proportion. Morison is apt to write about vhat interests him and skimp his own blanks. This is no draw-)ack at all—quite the contrary—in such gossipy essays as made ip his "Bay Colony" or in such a rambling but wholly delightful)ook as his "Maritime History." When, however, the whole iarrative history of America has to be compressed into so many)ages, the question of proportion and emphasis becomes of vital mportance. Again, I felt that, with the best will in the world, t was evidently impossible for Morison to get out of his Massa-:husetts strait-jacket, and think and write as an American for Americans instead of a New Englander for New England-:rs. These were my two quarrels with the "Oxford History." I have no such quarrel with the present work. The architectural proportions of the book are infinitely better, and the existence of the West and South is fully in evidence. Dr. Commager is a Middle Westerner with Southern affiliations, we are told, and it would seem clear what he has contributed to the joint work. The collaboration has been highly successful, and the result deserves all praise. I know of no other one-volume history of 1760-1917 in which the reader will find so much narrative of actual fact and so much philosophical interpretation, clothed in so delightful a style, as he will in this book. The bibliography is exceptionally good and the maps are excellent. There are obvious difficulties in the way of bringing a scholarly history "down to date," but if in the future editions the authors could append a sketch of what happened between our entry into the war and the debacle which overtook the new era of supposedly unbreakable Republican prosperity in 1929, the ordinary reader who wants a complete survey of his country could ask for nothing more, while the bibliography for such a chapter would be of great use to the thoughtful citizen facing present problems. As it is, however, the book can be heartily recommended.

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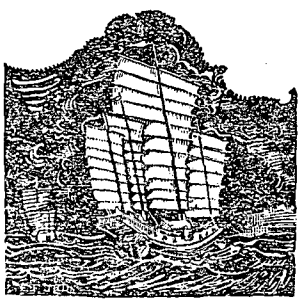

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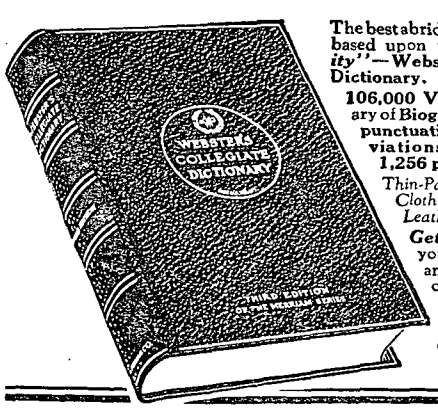

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Books in Brief

A Bachelor Abroad. By Evelyn Waugh. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

At the outset of this journal of a Mediterranean tour Mr. Waugh, who is the author of "Vile Bodies" and "Decline and Fall," confesses that he has written it to aid the sale of his earlier volumes and to keep his name before the public. This kind of "frankness" is maintained throughout the whole of his book, and it is representative of an important side of his character—or, more properly, of the effect of a certain popular and jaunty code of manners upon his character. Whenever possible he takes the opportunity to lament the fact that he is a product of England, of Oxford, and the public school. The reader is delighted. "Here is a young man," he exclaims, "who is under no delusions about himself, who appreciates the evils of his particularly pernicious environment, which for a long time have been pointed out by the most serious and thoughtful of the English themselves." At the conclusion of the book, however, the reader is perplexed. "I thought this young man was dissatisfied with Oxford and the public school,' he muses; "but here is the same complacency, the same lofty rudeness in the name of good breeding, the same smart patter, the same blindness, the same anaesthesia that I have been finding in every Oxford novelist for the past twenty-five years. Surely there was nothing ever more Oxonian and public-school in spirit than this?" While he is asking himself this question the reader discovers that he has entirely forgotten the Mediterranean tour. And apparently it made little impression on Mr. Waugh himself.

Beasts Called Wild. By André Demaison. Translated by Guy Endore. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50.

Probably the best story in this book deals with Poopah, the elephant, who on the fourteenth of July drinks to the French Republic, one and indivisible. The bored officials in a tropical town celebrate by treating Poopah to a bucketful of liquor, syrup, and soda water. Thenceforth Poopah craves alcohol and experiences the joy, shame, desires, and degradation of a drunkard. Like the other characters in this book, Poopah makes one wonder if there isn't something in Renan's contention that animals reach out for moral values. Demaison convinces us that a lioness, a marabou stork, an elephant have inner conflicts of dramatic import; that they have imagination and feelings. To give precise form to the imagination of African animals is no easy task. The author follows their motivation—gratitude, affection, nostalgia, curiosity, and even a species of humor. He does it all with unusual intelligence and zest. The book has enjoyed wide popularity in France and richly deserves to succeed in this country. The translation is a capable one and the illustrations by André Duranceau are quite striking.

Spawn: A Novel of Degeneration. By Nat J. Ferber. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

One is at a loss to reconcile critically this novel's moments of power and truth with its weaknesses and fallacies. "Spawn" tells the history of a New York village, inclosed by mountains, remote from the world outside, where, during the Civil War, the women were left with only three men in their midst; where later a hundred Vermont quarrymen, come to work the quarries on one of the hills, are billeted on the families over a period of ten years. Inbreeding, incest, venereal diseases, and resulting degeneration afflict the little community, which originated out of hardy, rebellious pioneer stock. Pike Hollow, or "Bastard's Notch" as it comes to be called, is not unique. Off the beaten track of railroads and highways there are such

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mmunities throughout the country—not so many now, probly, since the war and the great popularity of the automobile. ut Pike Hollow is extraordinary in that it seems not to have ffered from poverty or undernourishment. One finds it difficult reconcile the wealth (in hard cash) with the isolation and norance. However, Mr. Ferber is drawing the picture of actual village now extinct, and he has the facts. His story is moments of beauty, power, pathos, understanding. Except its more florid passages it is carefully wrought. But he afts on these people emotional and spiritual complexities which ey would never have had either before or after the beginngs of degeneration. Your true backwoods, unlettered ankee is a baffling specimen. Mr. Ferber has studied his eech and manner. He is not so well acquainted with the rings of his emotions.

ast and First Love. By Abel Hermant. Translated by Slater Brown. The Macaulay Company. $2.

This novel, the first by Abel Hermant to be translated into nglish, is a four-part cycle of the adventures of Lord Chelsea, n elderly and distinguished English nobleman and cosmopolite. he Gallic wit of the book, consisting in large part of good-umored satirical thrusts at the English, is delightful. The rotic strain, salted with a highly sophisticated element of perersion, is most delicately now concealed, now suggested. The tudies of character and situation, the themes and descriptions, ll so far removed from the banalities of the commonplace and he conventional that they seem too delicately tenuous, show a ubtlety which only a Frenchman can contrive. The last epiode, as advertised, does somewhat resemble the trial and crucixion of Oscar Wilde. But in character Lord Chelsea bears ittle or no resemblance to the lord of epigram.

Beggars Abroad. By Jim Tully. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

This is a queer book. Jim Tully has written a travel olume, a sort of sentimental journey through England, France, nd Ireland. He wanders at will and at length into storyelling, often delightfully; he retails historical and descriptive nformation that can hardly be termed novel since most of it is n the guidebooks; and he tells of his meetings with celebrities, nuch the saddest portion of the book. One suspects that Tully nows what he is about. His simplicity of style covers a wellworked-out pattern, just as his Irish sentiment gives lift to his oolly applied craftsmanship. Of course, he is writing not of Europe but of Jim Tully, and he probably supplies his naive its of information with deliberate purpose. But the book doesn't quite come off. The ice is too thin for Mr. Tully's weight. The "Sentimental Journey" becomes in too many places an "Innocents Abroad"—except that the humor is wholly unconscious.

The Santa Fé Trail. By R. L. Duffus. Longmans, Green and Company. $5.

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Drama

Buried Personalities

WITH the passing of the years my amazement increas as I observe the small reliance which managers p in the stars whom they hire for their shows. I particular I am thinking of the men who make the music shows. Having played truant from the drama for sever weeks the easiest way back seemed through attendance at tl current revues. I had in mind the fact that starving men a said to have died because of taking chops or beefsteak su denly.

But I must confess that even when acclimated and in tl swing of things I have leaned a little to the lighter form entertainment. A rule of conduct well established for criti is that in all cases of conflict they must choose the dramat offering. This custom may be well enough for critics but tl casual playgoer will do well to reverse it. If a play is ba it may quite easily be bad all through. In fact, memory cal to my mind a score of comedies, farces, and tragedies whic had not one single redeeming feature. Yet even the shabbie musical show is likely to contain some snatch of song, som dancing interlude, or bit of foolery which will make the evenin something less than wasted.

But in edging my way back to the task of sitting high upo a judgment stool I chose entertainments which promised muc merely in the wealth of talent displayed upon the signs outsid the theaters. Surely no trio such as Fannie Brice, Georg Jessel, and Jim Barton could fail utterly. And so I selecte "Sweet and Low" (Chanin's Forty-sixth Street Theater) fo my initiation. Nor do they fail, and yet I felt that in thei utilization there was grave wastage. I rather think that jus these three tossed out upon a bare stage could achieve mor than they accomplished when all handicapped by lights and cos tumes and several silly sketches.

Jim Barton is one of the most exciting and humorou dancers who ever shook a foot upon a stage, and so it seem strange that he should be cast for a revue in which he ha almost no dancing to do. My theory of the efficacy of the in dividual on his own, without benefit of book or chorus, is sup ported by some small amount of evidence. Many seasons ag when the actors went on strike, they hastily organized fo themselves a benefit in some large barnlike structure, one o New York's abandoned opera houses. Each one of the many significant people in the revolt ambled out in modern clothe and did what came casually to his mind. No producer ha ever put on a show one-half so good.

It was the first time Broadway ever saw Jim Barton. With in the month he had been lifted from his role as chief hoofer or a burlesque circuit. And before he had a chance to appear in the production for which he was under contract he found himself a striker. Moreover, at this first volunteer appearance he was offered as a substitute for some great star who had been unable to put in an appearance. There was a gasp o disappointment as the unknown recruit was thrust out to fil the gap. But without any preliminary song or anecdote Barton began to dance, and the walls came tumbling down.

In "Sweet and Low" I found much amusement in the work of George Jessel, who has developed into a sort of cynical Al Jolson. And naturally Fannie Brice had her moments, but there might well have been more. It almost seems to me as if the familiar phrase "surrounded by a dis tinguished supporting cast" might read more truthfully if the word "ambushed" were substituted.

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D. V. D.

Contributors to This Issue

DOUGLAS HASKELL has contributed articles on architecture to the *Studio*, *Creative Art*, the *New Republic*, and other publications.

EDWARD G. ERNST and EMIL M. HARTL, authors of "The Steel Mills Today," present in four articles the results of a first-hand study of the chain-store situation.

GARDNER JACKSON is a journalist until recently resident in Boston.

JAMES RORTY is the author of a book of poems, "Children of the Sun."

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON is the author of "Portrait of the Artist as American."

LEONORA SPEYER will publish in the spring a book of verse, "Naked Heel."

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster.

GERTRUDE EMERSON is the author of "Voiceless India."

GRANVILLE HICKS is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH, author of "The Outlook for American Prose," is professor of English at the University of Minnesota.

TENNEY FRANK, author of "Life and Literature in the Roman Republic," is professor of Latin at the Johns Hopkins University.

HORACE GREGORY is the author of a book of verse, "Chelsea Rooming House."

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS is the author of "Founding of New England" and "The Adams Family."

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